

MACLEAN'S

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the housing crisis

Judy LaMarsh
on Judy LaMarsh

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Seagram's 83
CANADIAN WHISKY

No one knows exactly when it began. Nor can anyone guarantee it will last. But there is no doubt that it's all around now, from the lyrics of pop music to the caucus rooms of Ottawa. And more and more it is forcing people to choose sides. Either you're for Canada, or you just don't care. Editorially, *Maclean's* cares intensely. We present this report, frankly, with an ulterior motive: *Maclean's* wants to fan the flames of what we take to be

The Heartening Surge Of A New Canadian Nationalism

BY COURTNEY TOWER

Look now, Prime Minister Trudeau is showing sudden interest in the Severan in buying the Canadian economy back home.

In John Diefenbaker's beloved words, that may be the greatest conviction since Seel on the road to Denison. Trudeau is notoriously odd in nationalism, economic or otherwise. But he is under heavy pressure from his party to do something about the surging American takeover of Canadian companies. Cabinet ministers admit they are divided. Backbenchers outside news of sharp exchanges with Trudeau have left from the security of the Liberal parliamentary caucus — and critics look under Trudeau's leadership are themselves a sign of arrest.

Liberals — traditionally free-trade constitutionalists — report a new anxiety among their voters that is much more profound than the usual uneasiness about U.S. control of the economy. Discontent now extends to American invasion of our universities and of television. Trudeau is under attack for continuing Canadian adherence to unpopular U.S. foreign policies. The New Democratic Party uses the new xenophobic campaign — so far — has accepted it as a platform. The Conservative have begun talking anxiously about restrictions on

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VIETNAM COKE
TIME BARBIE LAW
DOLL N'CHOIN
HAIR PONTIAC
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KODAK HERTZ
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GENERATION DODGE
SNOOPY LIFE
FORD BETTER IDEA

foreign ownership. Liberal MPs have founded one group to study foreign domination and, as one member says, "to tell the mass up outside parliament with audiences and other Liberals to try to move the PM."

"It's a new concern with him," that's the way I feel," explodes Barry Duxson, an important and nationally acknowledged Toronto MP. "He [Trudeau] understands the problem but it is very low on his list of priorities." Or consider Robert Kaplan, Toronto MP, who professes understated anxieties. "You can't say today that the government has done very much to encourage Canadian participation." Anxieties, attracted by Trudeau and young Liberals, are leaving the party. "It's a trend across the country," reports Yvan Benoit, president of the Canadian Students Liberals and national party co-chairman of a special youth committee. "Two of my last three predecessors have joined the NDP."

Energy and Resources Minister J. J. Green has publicly cracked about a U.S. suggestion for a continental package deal to exploit Canada's oil, natural gas, and water-power resources. "God," says Duxson, "that statement of his... and telling us not to be deterred by silly nationalism... well, that shook

TRUJILLO continued

me and it shook an awful lot of people." Maclean wrote in praise to the CBC.

It is tonight for Jeanne Robertson, Minister of Supply and Services, to say, "We have made the mistake of allowing too much foreign capital to enter in the form of ownership and not debt."

Robertson is a multibillionaire businessman and has from the west, which is supposed to have various nationalisms. But he agrees with the principle that foreign companies be required to permit Canadians to buy into them — the great U.S. sublimation in this country is equity, which U.S. would like to tell Maclean he would "encourage" — which sounds like "squirrely" — also various firms and other major foreign investments in Canada's industries, most building Canadian firms.

Minister Under Portfolio Herb Gray, of Windsor, has been instructed to develop policies regarding accounting sovereignty. He is working now on introducing the long-proposed Canada Development Corporation (CDC) into the act. He says, "I think you are in Canada's New Left. Maclean, but the process that started his thinking in the past few years are precisely those that are changing the thinking of many Canadians of left, center, and right. To that extent, Doug Ward is a true history of the new nationalism movement."

Some key incentives are promised, for 1991 perhaps, to encourage Canadians to invest in Canadian companies. But many Liberal leaders for border state controls, and some for more state financial intervention in the economy. The NDP sentiment ranges from more public ownership and more regulation to Toronto professor Melinda Warkentin's idea of widespread nationalization. Conservative leader Robert Stanbury's idea of a "Canada First" idea is certainly being a piece of it. He says that all the parties have to do. For there was even an explosive move toward for the 1972 to election, when the voting rule will be decided, this time it is 10.

"I believe nationalism will become the great desire of the 1970s in Canada, as that is the end of the decade it will be difficult to be a Canadian and not be a nationalist."

— Doug Ward, Editor of *Canadian Daily Mail*

Why a generation is changing its mind



Doug Ward is 31 and he grew up in a generation of cosmopolitanism when nationalism was scorned. Today he is a Canadian reformer. Ward's politics began to be those of the Left — further left, he says, than those of the NDP but not as far as Canada's New Left. Maclean, but the process that started his thinking in the past few years are precisely those that are changing the thinking of many Canadians of left, center, and right. To that extent, Doug Ward is a true history of the new nationalism movement.

The son of a Irish Toronto immigrant, Ward was active in the World University Service while studying history from 1953-61. "The late 1950s to the early 1960s was a time of internationalism, when intellectuals were fleeing other people as the enemy — and that's not the road to peace," he says. "Internationalism was in the universities. It was in Quebec, in the people who were fighting *Griffiths*. The United States was their model. Prime Minister Trudeau was in this big."

Ward's internationalism beliefs ebbed while he stud-

ied theology at Princeton and Toronto from 1961-67. He was a member of the Students Union For Peace Action, which wanted to abolish nuclear status. "But then the problem of the U.S. started to become clear," he says. "We started to see it as an imperialist force, in Santo Domingo and Vietnam, as much as Russia in Czechoslovakia or China in Tibet. Canada had become increasingly and culturally intolerant, because we had thought everything American was a beautiful and we brought it in. But Canadians finally realized that in order to survive when you are surrounded by a nationalist superpower, you have to be internationalist too."

Ward has since been an employee and president of the Canadian Union of Students and chairman of the beleaguered Council of Young Canadians. A CBC radio producer now, he says, "What I really want to do is live in a country that is independent and self-governing and I don't think we are." Ward's best advice to contribute to that independence is before him, in an apparent move to study and make recommendations on the future of CBC radio. "I can already see that when broadcasting was established in Canada, we had a will to be self-governing and self-controlling," he says, "and we will have to get that back." □

"Our political and social liberal ideas, that in the Canadian tradition, are moderately concerned about the competing demands of free country, and moderately determined to the something about it, or confidence that whatever be done be moderately done. This confidence will be the death of us."

— Paul Gault, Minister of Ontario

"Nobody loves Canadian nationalism but the people."

— Prof. Gault, Daily University of Toronto

When patriotism makes best sellers . . .



Canada is on the move, says new and controversial Toronto publisher Dan Gault. *The New Nationalism* by Dan Gault and Roy Maclean.

"For the first time since the turn of this century, the country is alive again," says Dan Gault. "It is alive because it is being creative."

At 49, Gault's way of seeing that creative state was to get his job in a publishing-house inside editor went a second novel and then a publishing house with Dan Gault and Roy Maclean. In 1970, they were then two years. Their new press publishes in the coastal division of an old book house to a second party. "I can already see that when broadcasting was established in Canada, we had a will to be self-governing and self-controlling," he says, "and we will have to get that back." □

in 1967 for their dog and a total 25,000 copies, we know a change was coming," says Maclean.

Other nationalist publishers are Maclean in Edmonton and Peter Martin in Toronto. The big domestic publisher, McClelland and Stewart, is printing more Canadian books. The University of Toronto Press is publishing in February *Clear the Air* by Paul Finkelstein. The collection of essays would tell the Americans out of influence in economics, foreign policy, sports and the arts. The title, and the cover illustration, are from a painting by Greg Curnoe, of London Ontario. The painting is simple words that say, "Clear the Air. Parallel, etc." and is on government-sponsored exhibition now in San Francisco.

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To stem the flood of American TV . . .



It is the job of CRTC president Peter Finkelstein.

A government agency of all change is deluging people who worry about being overwhelmed by American TV. The Canadian Radio-Television Commission (CRTC) forbids American link-ups that carry U.S. channels to Canadian points, not more enough to receive them on ordinary life TV. Whether the full amount of Canadian the domestic affairs are happy in another thing (see page 79).

CRTC president Peter Finkelstein knows that all present and future "developed countries" that can find American TV into Canada must be controlled. And the CRTC will require that Canadian broadcasters really improve programming.

CRTC vice-chairman Harry Boyle is rather quiet. "What if broadcasters just don't improve programming?" Boyle says. "They get shut out well, or the threat be to broadcasting system."

Boyle spends mostly of Canada's largest together by conservatives—today's significant reaction being broadcasting. Now cable TV is threatening that threat. He says, "Actually it takes great time out of the head flow from east to west. It will allow it to go on as it will public use the whole system. We've got to find a means of maintaining the same principle of keeping an east-west flow." □

The Arctic judge who keeps the flag flying

Judge William Morrow told Maclean he thought Prime Minister Trudeau was clever in attempting to curb link sovereignty by arguing Canada's need to protect the Arctic from pollution — "If he gets agreement on that, we'll have a great deal to do with a hard-on collision." Peter Finkelstein, Judge Morrow says. "We're pretty positive here. You see a lot of Canadian flag. The flag is in my backyard." □

A picture that spells Canada . . .



Here and there in the north NFB (National Film Board) a federal government program for \$10 million budget and in making to creative side. Non-public concern, not in making that of NFB employees may be enough to change the government's mind.

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IN OUR VIEW — AND YOURS

A city boy ponders the country's pleasures
Our token radical crosses the undefended border
Aislin looks at the Queen's Canada
Is the public service against women?
If you don't dig rock, go soak your head
And other assorted boosts, knocks, raspberries
and plums, as *Maclean's* begins a new feature:
a lively give-and-take between you and us



HARRY BRICE

Take to the hills,
everybody.
The city's had it

I came north to the city recently after six months away and, in the past when I had come back, there had always been a beautiful young surge of excitement but this time, for the first time, I did not feel it at all and it was painfully clear that between me and the city, something had changed forever. Then, for four days, a black, grey, amber or ashen underside of tomorrow rose on the city and interestingly it doubled the joyful sort of rain that has turned cloud-drops into an urban smog-machine. The temperature was neutral.

There was no sun, no sun or rain, or even a real rain.

I was here here I had lived most of my life here, and it was here that I'd done most of my reading about our pollution. Pollution had always been something we only read about but, now, with every breath, it was here in my nostrils, surprising and unpleasant and, notwithstanding, I thought, Ah, my beloved city. My beloved city you really do stink.

Most of the people I knew are life-long town of the city. As children, sure of an actually liked the smell of automobile exhaust fumes, and we'd hang around gas stations to suck it in. The landscape of our memory in common. It consists of city softball city hockey, city basketball and skipping, a peculiarly dirty and smelly kind of July best, Saturday afternoon movie, the learning of expertise in the use of streetcars, and roaming by bicycle for mile upon mile down corridors of houses in a bus-dred alone territory. It consists of about gangs, clubhouse made of stolen fence planks, a few concrete swimming pools (the chlorine was fierce), asphalt and, whenever we went, pavement. Pavement in the morning pavement before coming in for bad, bloody noses and scurrying love on the technology pavement. To people like us, you need only say the word "pavement" alone and the straps and straps and colors and reminders of childhood, they all begin to ball around in some obscure depth of the mind. At a downtown cocktail party, I have already to make a particular dance hall where we ten-

aged "operates" used to go to see if we could "make out" and there or four strangers of my generation will all look up with a happy shock of recognition. We're city boys.

And later, did we change, did we settle in the square healthy suburbs, or beyond? Not on your political life! We moved even further downtown than our parents had lived. We were not exactly a lot but we were the Tim Generation. We put our kids in downtown schools. We traded our knowledge of the Saturday-morning cartoons for a knowledge of "this." We moved out of the not-dance halls and into the bars, nightclubs, art galleries, delicatessens, restaurants, magazine stores, bookshops, hardware stores, creating these twisting shapes, bookshops, charity bazaars, and all the other places that a good city is supposed to provide to keep people's appearance interesting and one's mind moving. We made plans along the miles who were so unfortunate as to live more than two miles from City Hall and, if we were wrong, it was only because we were rather pleased with the way we lived in our city and because, outside of being rich in Manhattan or London, we really could not imagine how anyone could have a better life than the ones we had arranged for ourselves.

But something has changed, something has gone wrong, and I'm not quite sure what it is, or if it is so many things that I can't get them all straight. Perhaps it's just that the longer you live in any one place the more oppressive and confusing it becomes. Perhaps the bricks, and the

Must they always be with us?

Sure. Something had to be done about Canada's poor. *A Canadian Is 5 in Poor, Mod — And Getting Radder*, November Canada Report, but not by simply upping their income at the expense of the average Canadian taxpayer. Something must be done about the unfair and often fraudulent distribution methods.

—J. C. Wilson, New Lark, N.S.

Poverty is completely unnecessary in this country, but it can be eliminated only when the present inadequate and degrading welfare system is abolished and the humane, logical proposal of a guaranteed annual income is adopted.

—Ed Kavonah, Inverness, Ont.

The poor will always be with us. Paradoxically, they keep the fire glowing, the country growing in a rapid population rise. An economist has stated that if the wealth of the entire world were distributed evenly to each individual, over a period of time one half or more of the people would be poor once again. It is sad and frustrating, for there are thousands of mothers trying to raise families single-handedly. They have reasons to be indignant and hot under the collar.

—Sharon Hughes, London, Ont.

government itself, in all their great facilities, slowly came to be background to excitement and, instead, became reminders of the small details and private disillusionments that everyone must endure. Hardly any of the people I know are still living with the people they married in their 30s. A close friend suddenly died and, until then, I'd never had a close friend who did that, just died. She used to read naval real-estate ads, and she'd talk a lot about finding a place in the country and getting out of the crazy city. And now, every other city boy I meet — and his wife, or his second wife, or his new girl friend — they are all vying to find something "up north" that they have never found in their beloved city. They are buying Crown land, building log cabins, comparing prices per acre, forming little syndicates to buy bush and rock and pasture and brooks and, even before they've found these things, they are worrying about how they'll keep the hunters and the sawmills away from their property. Even so my city-loving friends, the city is as large as the place where you choose to work to get a good life, it's becoming the place where you have to live to get good work.

Air pollution is nowhere near the whole reason for this change in feeling. Pollution is more symbol than cause, a pervasive reminder of our gentle danger over an longer caring much about the old city. For, if we loved the city enough, we who once enjoyed the smell of auto exhaust might even begin to stop worrying about the smog. Your new city-lover, your Disney Bonita for instance, can celebrate even the more profound horrors of city life: Gangsters, ghetto life, ghetto fashions, sexual strikes, home drought, crime news, poverty, sex in movies (such minor unpleasantness as grand larceny and human malfeasance... they're all been endlessly depicted, but writers and politicians have also manufactured and sometimes even idealized them. That is my love. You grew too close to talk to the cat days. Don't let anyone give you any crap. I grew up as the poorest kid across the river and, before you know, that was number 1. I can take care of myself in this town. This is my town, and I love every rotten, corrupt, unrefined, disease-ridden, backstabbing

disorderly, screwed-up inch of it. The dope addict too.

I can understand that I just don't like it much any more. A recent essay in *Time* magazine said much the same sort of thing. "In creative different ways, [the great city] has almost always been an unpleasant, disagreeable, chaotic, untidy and reprehensible place, in the end, it can only be described as magnificent." I can understand that, too. I just wonder if, in conversation with cities, we shouldn't redefine such words as "great" and "magnificent." The dream of the Great City recently led Mayor Jean Drapeau to explain in television that, in a sense, the anarchy and murdering public violence that afflicted parts of Montreal in October were merely the effluvia of Montreal's international greatness. "In England," Drapeau said, "it is London. In France, it is Paris, and in Canada it is Montreal!" Praise be Canada can hold her head up because Montreal is, in addition to

her big-league baseball, her big-league politicians, her big-league pugilist killings and her big-league chess, can now prove her greatness with big-league street mugging as well. I thought I detected a note of pride in Drapeau's statement, as though he'd just talked the Metropolitan Opera Company into moving to Montreal, but no one seemed to think he'd said anything unusual, and I wondered, *Am we all quite sane?*

I'm moving back to the city myself soon. There's a job there, and I need the money. You see, I knew a place on the coast of Nova Scotia where I can build a house that faces the ocean. There's a little bluff back from the beach and though the water is very cold, it has always been clean and it marches up to the shore from somewhere I cannot see, and there are big evergreens. You can walk five miles, over a billion round beach-stones, and hardly ever meet anyone. □

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6. You can match us on this point, but it might be expensive.
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8. Figure road expenses, overnight accommodation, food, depreciation and wasted time, and you'll see what we mean.

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A better way to go.

ONE LINE OF THE MONTH

A majority of Canadians believe the thin line between sanity and insanity is the 49th parallel.

—A line divides to Win, 5 Free, Vancouver



ROM REGGIN (OUR TUREN MEDICAL)

'Stop that man! He's smuggling an orange'

Just across was a fuzzy manhole, round steel plates and fuzzy bars. He and Laura Jackson are friends from Columbia University. They flew to Canada recently for a conference on student revolt called The Year of the Barricade and when they got to Toronto airport, they were taken into separate rooms for about an hour. Jan said, "It was a bare-throne-until-they-think routine. They asked me everything imaginable. Do you believe the gun is lighter than the sword? Are you smart if, as international conspiracy to overthrow the Canadian and American system? Actually, it was very good because it clarified my thinking as a lot of things."

Laura tried to turn her questions on to women's liberation.

Both felt a bit flustered by the experience. "At first" Jan said, "it made me feel very formidable. Ultimately, though, I returned to my previous self-image and I decided I really was quite benign and unarmored."

That's the way it goes at the border.

We brought up Jerry Rubin, the Yipie, to speak at the University of Toronto. They took him into the little room at the airport and took off all his clothes including his headband. Now identified, Rubin does look like a pouter, although more like an underdog number eight. (He said and we'll see it). Cheaply, Rubin has a single leaf bandaged on his left flank. Jerry, officer, lead you at the musical side."

The thing is, if Rubin looks like a pouter, I look like a pouter, or at least a student or especially like a

young person. It seems like there that is enough. Lastly, I've taken to holding signs with a sign that says: JEREMY RUBIN

The women tried to be fairly easy. I'd come into Canada with a single. No, I didn't buy anything. Most to be back. Going north, I would use a respectful up-date machinery.

Not any more.

"Pull over and stop trouble."

I pulled over, stopped trouble, and answered the usual where-are-you-born, how-long-are-you-staying questions and started to go. Not so fast.

"Why are you entering the United States?"

Oh, it's the cooking, no, working like a good of Howard Johnson three-flavored.

"In order to see my girl friend."

These shall inherit the earth?

Alan Edmonds' profile of five of the nation's top high-school graduates (*These Shall Inherit The Earth — And This Is What They'll Do With It*) made interesting, if somewhat bland, reading. Beyond a degree of idealism, tempered by a desire for immunity from financial hardship, there was little hope offered for the dawn of a bright, new tomorrow under the guidance of these intellectuals. The opinions of the young should never be taken lightly, and yet it seems to me that a survey of five intellectually superior undergraduates is hardly a basis for a comprehensive study of "what they'll do with it."

—Ann Robinson, Peace River, Alta.

I hope these students do not become too disillusioned in the next four years. They will probably meet with much more frustration and self-motivation than they anticipate now. They have inherited the end product of several hundred years of man's misuse of technology, and it is their responsibility to make it a livable place for all people. There is still a chance.

—A. Keith Johnson, University of British Columbia, Vancouver

What a depressing future is in store for the legacy of the 1960s is left to the moral dullards! Let it be hoped that the average student with some spirit will be the leader of tomorrow. These young people lack shrewdness and individuality; but they don't even know the differences between revolution, revolt and rebellion. Money-conscious lawyers we do not need or want.

—Renee A. Shattuck, Toronto

"Why?"

That was a rough one. Because she just started her own job, and she's terribly worried, and I thought I would just go down and reassure her that it could be any number of

"Because she lives down here."

"Bringing anything?"

"A change of clothes. My guitar."

A typewriter."

Pause. He leaned forward over the counter and looked me right in the eyes.

"Why the typewriter?"

I concentrated both my head eyes just over his left shoulder. "I thought I would type some notes."

"Notes about what?" (I've got you now, you dirty, adorable Communist.)

School notes. Both my girl friend and I are very (continued on page 16)

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Alberta Premium
(the real thing)

ALBERTA Premium Rye Whisky

conscious?" (I regretted the word even subtly) "about our class?"

This inquiry went on for about an hour, but the Dustin Hoffman, later-from-Vietnam approach ultimately won his over.

On the way back the Canadian guard, true to the rules, didn't ask me anything. He just went through every article of clothing in my bag, especially the underwear, the most obvious place to hide a lot of marijuana. Or maybe he was looking for cleverly disguised deposits of hashish, or maybe he just liked underwear.

THE NEXT TIME I crossed I was with a box of kids going to Harvard. They had an angry the bus — teachers, people, coats, gloves, everything. They searched our bags thoroughly but uneventfully. The Man asked me why I was bringing the typewriter.

"Both my girl friend and I are very serious about our classes," I said. He didn't know what to do with the guy behind me. Right at the top of his bag was a box of contraceptives. He really wanted to look inside. I assure, a guy could smuggle one hell of a lot of LSD in one of those. But the next two people in line were girls, and Man's apple got finally won out. He snatched the contraceptives back in the suitcase, and went on to the underwear.

Then the other Man came in from searching the bus and, very menacingly, he announced, "All right, which one of you left this on the bus?"

"But *My mother of God*, this can't really *poss* to happen. Please make this a dream."

Everybody is silent. We all look like we're holding up an orange.

"You can't bring citrus fruit into the United States. You ought to know better than to try a thing like that."

What followed was a customs-inspectors' field day. They found, not for the first time, a doobie hidden in our suitcase about the group. Only one guy got to bring his through. Customs orange.

At a HOWARD Johnson's, on the way back, we picked up a hitchhiker, a quiet, slight, pretty kid, 16 or 17, very short hair, and a hip, beanie-up Salvation Army girl has. He was going to Toronto didn't have much money, but would be cashing in a Koolhaide? You, he was okay with the draft because he was under 18. He didn't say much else, just sat with us a bit.

At the Canadian border they parked him off. He wasn't part of the group, eh? A hitchhiker, huh? Then they

AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: The Maple Leaf, not quite for ever . . .



called on the bus driver and threatened to report him for picking up a hitchhiker. The student who had chartered the bus said that he had invited the kid to join us. They threatened to charge him with transporting an alien across the border. (Were they going to use their really laws like that?)

They kept the kid and sent us on. He didn't have a letter from his parent or guardian giving him permission to go to Canada. It was after midnight, so nearly everything in Buffalo was closed. No, he didn't know anyone in Buffalo, didn't have quite enough money for a hotel. That's tough, kid, think about it next time before you decide to visit Canada.

Sometimes I just wish all the border guards, traffic cops, the nerds, the aspirators, soldiers, laws, cabinet ministers, would all just stop and treat people like people.

But then I remember that it's not always that they want through the schools that their fathers maybe told them how you get ahead in this world, that you don't rock the boat, just do your job or get laid, and then who would support the family (good point) and how would you buy the products that make us all happy, and then I really start to think that maybe an international conspiracy to overthrow the Canadian and American system is not a bad idea at all. ☺



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Now you almost see it, now you don't



Movie ad, Toronto Star,
first edition, Nov. 6, 1969



Same ad, Toronto Star,
late edition, Nov. 6, 1969



Same ad, Toronto Star,
first edition, Nov. 7, 1969

Another Crash? Shhh!

I remember Alexander Ross's *The 39*
Crash could be *Wagner Again?* Any-
thing written about depression or reces-
sion that can plant a seed of thought in
this direction is not good for our coun-
try. Positive brain depression
is a MILLION WOODPOG

I investment analyst Norman Allen
says "Both governments are proba-
bly hoping for a light recession next
year, which would marginally increase
employment and reduce those who
are unemployed to be less aggressive in
wage demands, so that as the new econ-
omic move forward the cost of pro-
duction will be lower." I cannot imagine
a more *fatuous* statement. Why
shouldn't labor ask for more wages when
big business is bringing out labor
demands during recession and profits are
larger instead than for shareholders?
Society since it is labor that produces
the wealth and to increase net profits
and salaries, it is entitled to a greater
share of them?
EUGENE L. WILK, PARKVILLE, ONT.

Mothers: relax & listen

I believe that a Spanencher you have
described most mothers in the category
you label *The Spanencher Mother*. They
try too hard. My advice is relax, listen
to what your children have to say. Sit
on the floor with them and don't make up
to listen to your advice and goodness
is *RAZELLE*, OTTAWA, ONT.

I seriously doubt the credentials of
my child expert who expects a 20-
month-old baby to indulge in "roleplay-
ing." There is no mention in the article
of physical activity, which surely must

be considered as one of the most vital
needs of a healthy toddler. I found the
concept of motherhood controversial,
hence absurd, as indeed it must be so
called. With the latest arguments
see JENNIFER JONES, VANCOUVER

Black, white & blues

I found it curious that in *Who Do You*
Know? none of the people you asked to
write were prominent black musicians
or critics. After all, most popular music
today is derived basically from the blues.
Attention! Most Kaffians missed the whole
point. Granted, jazz is *derivative*,
but jazz is a living knowledge of
your ancestors. But rock is much more
than music-making and technique. It's
about feeling out about all it is necessary
for living people.
NORMAN L. FORD, VANCOUVER



JAZZMAN BOB BARTON
Rock is more than music. Rock is life

Kaffians only shows his ignorance of
rock. If he thinks that everybody at rock
festivals is high on drugs he has yet to
attend one, if he thinks that anything
the Beatles have done lately is "just
about the simplest music in the world,"
he has yet to listen to them.
J. BENTLEY BROWN, KAMLOUP, BC

If you really want to know why kids
dig rock, why don't you and us? Then
ask the things I won't tell
DAVID PEARL AT KATIMOSI, ONT.

The beautiful beachcombers

I must tell you how much I enjoyed
How To Enjoy A Beach. What *The*
Beachcombers by Michael Hootings. This
was so interesting and well written that I
replied "invaluable" all my friends about
it. This type of adventure story is not
too bad.
MRS. JUDITH M. EDWARDS, YORK, ONT.

Indians: a free ride?

The poor article on Indian leader Harold
Cardinal, *What The Canadian Indian*
Wants From You. I was pained with the
Indians, and have lived with them all my
life. I do not speak from experience
passed from reading the paper's reporting
about the whole without prejudice to
our garbage-based intelligences. No
two ways about it, Cardinal is one damn
good politician and a very smart cookie.
The Cross are the worst of the Indian
people. There's an old saying: If you
are stupid enough to do business with
a Cree, you need up not only money
your shirt, but likely money that pays
home and all! It was Indian spokesman
Walter Doud who put it plainly when
he said, "We want everything the white

THE FUNNY-LOOKING MUD FLAPS MAKE THE CAR LAST LONGER.

Mud flaps may seem incongruous in 1970. But so do dirt and gravel roads. And in Canada, we've got more than our fair share.

Luckily we've got Volvos too. With mud flaps that protect the bottom and sides from slush, mud, road salt, stones, etc.

Volvos also have old-fashioned things like undercoating (two coats) and five coats of rustproofing, primer and paint. Which is why Volvos last as long as they do.

Exactly how long, we don't guarantee. However, 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Of course, if you're afraid driving a car with mud flaps will get you laughed at, relax. We do guarantee the last laugh.

They to you: "Ha Ha, mud flaps."

You to them: "Ho Ho, body rot."



MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE



A Home Of Your Own A Price You Can Pay A Community Where You Feel You Belong

Millions of Canadians hunger for all those things Bramalea, Canada's first "satellite city" looked at first like a magic answer. Has it worked? *Maclean's* WALTER STEWART says no. The reasons are complex. But many of them add up to this: too much concern for profit, not enough concern for people. The whole Bramalea concept, says Stewart in this blistering report of his month-long investigation, is clearly a perfect example of

The Wrong Way To Solve The Housing Crisis

"Bramalea has all the advantages of city as well as country living, but not the problems of either... In Bramalea, there's always something to do — somewhere pleasant to do it and someone has to do it with."

—Bramalea from Bramalea
Condo-dated Development Ltd.

"Oh, the women, they've had this place up to here."

—Bob Maxwell, Editor
The Bramalea Guardian

THE GROCERY-LADEN housewife trudged down Clark Blvd with the weary doggedness of one who knows she has half a mile to go, heavy burdens to carry, and no help in sight. Behind her, from the collection of four

stores and a bank that shows on Bramalea Consolidated's drawing boards as a multi-tiered City Centre, the wind whipped scudding snow off a landscape of frozen road, sent it sluicing against the walking woman's legs, beat them bright-red behind her fragile nylon. I fell in beside her, tried to take a bag of groceries from her arms, received a look more cutting than the wind and asked how she liked living in Bramalea. Not much. The shopping was lousy. She lived a mile from the nearest store, and there was no public transportation, only one ancient bus that circled the city once an hour, sometimes. There were no movie, no theatre, no bars, no hotels, no little shops, no museums, no art galleries, no place to go and nothing to do. They could call it a city, but it wasn't a city.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWMAN

This Is The House That Built Jack

It began with the field, all gone to seed.
Sold by the farmer — he didn't bleed —
To Bramalea's backers, lucky indeed
To find a reeve who knew their need
And a friendly province, which didn't impede
The price of some not-so-valuable land
Rising from peanuts to eighteen grand.
And that is why, for the average guy,
It's hard to buy the house that built Jack

HOUSING CRISIS continued

just an overgrown suburb. What about her husband, did he like it at all? Oh yes, but Moody husband thought it was bloody marvellous, but he worked in Moody Bramalea, he was never Moody here. Oh my car was parked nearby and I offered the lady a lift but she refused bravely, and tucked off into the snow, smiling with cold and rage.

That was my introduction to Bramalea. Canada's first satellite city, the answer, perhaps, to this nation's housing plight. I admit it was not a fair introduction with the wind and snow, and cold, outside a carpet that wasn't even finished for years. I saw Bramalea in better lights in the month I spent there, saw it as a pleasant enough sprawl of homes where housing is cheaper than it is in other Toronto suburbs. But it and its housewife's essential complaint still seems to me a fair one. This satellite city is not a city at all but a suburb 20,000 strong, a jangle of look-alike houses crowded on to lots, barely expensive lots and set in an area of no jobs, no schools, no shopping, no recreation, no if it had been supposed have every living thing, flattened, then sprayed with buildings from some celestial thespian.

I went to Bramalea because I had been told, in newspapers and magazine articles and on the speeches of housing experts, that this was the way Canadians are to live in the future, not in shabby cities that in satellite towns built around their own industrial cores. Bramalea was the first of the satellite towns. Airport, was the precursor in this noble trend, a place planned and built to order by a single developer, Bramalea Consolidated Developments Ltd. It blossomed in the late 1950s, when the Chinguacousy Township in the late 1950s, showing up houses for people to live in, factories for them to work in, stores for them to shop in. Today, Bramalea holds 20,000 people, within five years it will hold nearly 50,000 and before long 100,000. Housing expansion has gone on long enough, has succeeded well enough, both in terms of growth and in the questions revolved up around other Canadian cities to warrant the close look to see if it is truly the way to which Canadian housing policy should be developed.

My own conclusion, after a month in Bramalea, is that it is not to me, Bramalea, promise from things, all negative, that the profit hunger of developers is not a sufficient guide for community planning, that housing lots in Canada are expensive not because of some mythical neo-social-economic formula, but because of ordinary greed, that if governments really want to bring down housing costs they must not nicely bankrupt land speculators, they must get into the land-hack business themselves.

There are abundant judgments perhaps but in Bramalea — and on the coast of other Bramaleas, Canada will see unless we change our thinking about cities and towns and housing — they have a particular meaning to people. Behind every fact and figure in the story, there is a person as real as the angry housewife I met in the snow. And the development of Bramalea, however tangled and legal, was the fact as which it is set, this housing on the lives of ten thousands but every citizen of Canada in the years ahead.

"Cyril Clark knew where his rats were, firm in the soil of southern Ontario. He grew from that and was strong and strong as a spruce. People dreamed changes, but he kept his place in and around Chinguacousy Township in the 18 straight years he lived here. He was never, Cyril Clark's house was not to change."

"I can take the smartest lawyers in the country into a room and beat the biggest leg in Canada. I just have to do it." — Cyril Clark, 1968

Cyril Clark is the politician who makes a successful real-estate developer and a politician. He is the developer and the people the man who can say yes or no and make it stick. Clark has been saying yes pretty steadily to Bramalea Consolidated Developments since 1958, although the company's ownership, Arthur Armstrong, told me emphatically, "We never got away with

a golden thing, never, never, never." Clark was the score of Chinguacousy Township from 1951 until 1967, when he resigned, ostensibly for health reasons, but really, he told me, "because people were blocking me, blocking things I wanted to do." He has since taken a position, at \$25,000 a year, as consultant to another development company in the township.

He is a tall, stout man, still robust at 70 with a strong, plain face, eyebrows like badges and the brusque manner of someone used to having his own way. A lifelong farmer and livestock expert, he has almost no formal education and, while he reads a little, cannot write anything more than his own name. He likes Catholicism, craphooting and sharp debate and is a bit of a wit. He is a man who has lived in the township since 1951, when he was a member of an illegal gambling club and told Mr. Justice Wilfrid D. Roach, "I don't drink, I don't play cards, but I like to shoot em." He said, "I have always had a clean life" and had no more to say on the stand. He also said, I suppose if all this part in the paper, I may as well add in my resignation "But Chinguacousy voters should know what they were voting for. He was arrested in 1964 at a foundry at another city point in Ontario.

Clark couldn't handle a program as a man and, when a group of entrepreneurs approached him in 1956 with a proposal to build a city from scratch in the heart of the sparsely populated township, he was ready to listen. He made only one stipulation: that the city, to be called Bramalea ("Bramas" after the nearby town of Brampton and Malton, "le" after the area's rolling meadows), must not be a burden on the rural taxpayers. So far, that has been kept.

The developers who approached Clark had assembled a block of 4,500 acres of land, bought at 41 farmers, most of it at prices of \$1,000 to \$1,250 an acre. (The company has since bought more land, sold some and now holds just about the same acreage it started with.) Their original developer — a doctor, their real estate man, a broker, a business executive — put up very little cash

most of the three were bought for five percent down. (The farmers were apparently satisfied with their share of the take.) But Clark who helped assemble the land got \$100,000 out of his 150 acres — he had got \$40,000 five years earlier — and bought a 400-acre farm near by with the proceeds. This 4,500-acre block of land, assembled in a cost of about five million dollars, has yielded to value with the suburbs for housing around Toronto. The Ontario government alone is paying \$29.1 million for 842 Bramalea acres, most of it serviced. This does not mean that the original developers were really rewarded for their vision and daring. They had counted on customers among workers at the Avire Arrow project in Mexico, when that was cancelled, they ran out of cash and had to bring in outside backers. By the time Bramalea Consolidated had put dirt, at original owners had dropped out.

The company's two key figures today are both Englishmen. Arthur Armstrong, the executive vice-president, a handsome 40-year-old man, who looks like a little like Michael the Magician, and Alan Taylor, the president, a retired and dignified farmer who looks like, well, a retired and dignified farmer. Armstrong stepped out to Canada as a venture capitalist in 1947, took his hand at several jobs, and worked his way into executive rank with a Toronto export-import firm. In 1961 he was fired — "The guy who ran the place decided he didn't like me," he said, and went into real-estate business. "I made \$15,000 in three months and decided this was the way to go." Then he was fired, through a remark in English firm that was backed the venture, mainly Eagle Star Insurance Limited, and the largest stockholder, and Cleeve Brothers, a nursery-building firm. Taylor, a director of Cleeve Brothers, had handled the firm's dealings with Bramalea, and knew something about its money problems. With Armstrong, he was asked to decide whether the project should be wound up or expanded. They opted for expansion through diversification, with a series of setbacks to produce

THE POLITICIAN
who made Bramalea go was Reeve Cyril Clark of Chinguacousy Township, the smallest link between the developer and the people

THE DEVELOPERS
were Alan Taylor (left) and Arthur Armstrong. Servicing made the lot worth \$2,637.50.

enough capital to keep Bramalea going. Today Bramalea Consolidated operates shopping centres, construction companies, tourist resorts, hotels, even a firm. Taylor and Armstrong, and part of the Bramalea money is now in a differing degree in paying proposition, Cyril Clark provided the political muscle to make it grow. It was Clark who ruled the Chinguacousy Township Council (and of the associates of Bramalea in that, with a population of more than 20,000, it still has no government of its own, it is ruled by a seven-man township council, dominated by men themselves, who meet in a hall, 13 miles away) it was Clark who powered Bramalea's applications through Ontario government red tape in present Toronto, he is highly regarded at Queen's Park, and Clark who fought off other developers, including Taylor and Armstrong, who were growing alarmed at the spreading power of Bramalea. He did all this, he told me, not for money, but for the good of the township — at a reasonable public service.

"The success of any real-estate development depends, in large part, on the relationship which exists between the developer company and the township in which it is operating." — The Bramalea firm, 1968

"There was always a lot of negative press going on. There was always a lot going on and you just closed the door. You won't find that in the central market."

— Andy Fain, Apple Computer and Chinguacousy Developer

A stranger coming into Bramalea soon knew he was in a swampy town. The developer owns a lot of it, and a lot of what he doesn't own, he controls and much of what he doesn't control pays him a percentage to operate. Faint is the lot, but in the swampy town and in a highly industrial area in Bramalea, many a developer's success, "Every decision has been based on economic return, not on the return." Not was discussed based on the consent of the residents. That there are only three shop-



ping centres in the development, with 23 stores (the nearby town of Steelesville, population 6,000, has 71 stores). The shopping centres are all owned by Bramalea Consolidated, and part of the Bramalea money is now in a differing degree in paying proposition, Cyril Clark provided the political muscle to make it grow. It was Clark who ruled the Chinguacousy Township Council (and of the associates of Bramalea in that, with a population of more than 20,000, it still has no government of its own, it is ruled by a seven-man township council, dominated by men themselves, who meet in a hall, 13 miles away) it was Clark who powered Bramalea's applications through Ontario government red tape in present Toronto, he is highly regarded at Queen's Park, and Clark who fought off other developers, including Taylor and Armstrong, who were growing alarmed at the spreading power of Bramalea. He did all this, he told me, not for money, but for the good of the township — at a reasonable public service.

That cooperation may have been too close. Two of the council members throughout Bramalea's crucial years were insurance agents, and both were doing business with Eagle Star Insurance. Bramalea Consolidated's largest stockholder, at the same time that they were safeguarding the public interest in the community. For Bramalea, they were handling Eagle Star policies for builders' risk insurance, which covers houses during the construction phase, and in often converted to permanent coverage by the new home-owner. So every time the council voted for Bramalea's expansion, two council members would stand to gain business. One of the agents, Howard Wilson, told me he stopped taking Eagle Star business ten years ago because "I didn't want anyone in a position to let me say what I do," but the other agent, James Chisholm, says nothing about his ties with Eagle Star.

Clark is not a politician in the way of a politician, he is a politician in the way of a politician. He is the developer and the people the man who can say yes or no and make it stick. Clark has been saying yes pretty steadily to Bramalea Consolidated Developments since 1958, although the company's ownership, Arthur Armstrong, told me emphatically, "We never got away with

More on the house that built Jack

HOUSING CRISIS continues

Brumale's maintains an interest not only in those who are on the council, but also in those who agree to it. Renee Bob Williams doesn't even live in Chicago; yet, she operates a veterinary hospital in Bramalea. One reason he entered politics was to protect private property, because he thought the company was not allowing any competition in the area. Early in 1968, shortly after his election to council, he was invited to lunch with senior officers of the company to discuss a proposal: who should be the trustee of a children's zoo, and why shouldn't Williams run it, and why shouldn't the company donate the land for it? Williams told me, "I kept having phantoms like, 'We have always gotten along well with senior members of the company who want this zoo could really make some money.' To my everlasting shame I took 24 hours to think it over before I tossed them down."

Of all the company council deals, the most controversial occurred in May 1967, when the Ontario Housing Corporation was entering Bramalea in a site for its Home Ownership Made Easy plan. Under the plan, the government would lend money to, occasionally, sell it, to home-buyers. This raises the price of the lot from the house mortgage and permits a low down payment. The OHC offered to buy 1,666 lots in Bramalea for \$10.7 million—eight percent of the Bramalea holdings for about twice the amount original investment on 4,500 acres—but the sanction of the council was required to release the lots to building permits could be issued. The Toronto Telegram subsequently claimed that sanction was given in a secret meeting between company officials and the mayor on May 12, 1967. Clark denied that there had been such a meeting. But if it is right, a truly remarkable series of coincidences occurred on the Toronto Stock Exchange the next week: Bramalea shares, which had been trading slightly above the Toronto Stock Exchange's indication to trade at the week of May 7, 1971, shares traded at prices between \$16 and \$19. The week after the meeting that didn't take place, 24,587 shares traded and the price went to \$17.70. The

HOMÉ deal was presented to council on May 26.

But the money peaked up in the flurry of speculation was chicken feed. The real profits in Bramalea stock have been made from insider trading, much of it by Armstrong and Taylor. Early in their association with the company, the two men were given options to purchase stock—35,000 shares for Taylor, 17,000 shares for Armstrong—five dollars a share. Under May 31, 1968, neither had exercised his option, at that time, Armstrong held 194 shares and Taylor only one. Then, with the HOMÉ deal secured, they began to trade. On July 23, Taylor bought 5,000 shares; three days later, when the HOMÉ agreement was signed, each man bought 16,000 shares; five months later, they bought again, Taylor 20,000 shares, Armstrong 7,000. In use up their options (and options were thoughtfully issued in May 1969). Consider only two of those transactions: on October 2, Taylor bought 20,000 shares at five dollars; their market value was \$11.25, and his minimum annual profit was \$115,000. Two days later, Armstrong bought 7,000 shares, and his minimum profit was \$64,750. In fact, both men made much more than that, because they unloaded their stock gradually as the price climbed to more than \$16. By November 1967 and August 1968, through insider trading in stocks and warrants (offers to buy shares at a fixed price at a future date),

"Unwise speculation is a cheap game in level, but often difficult to prove. But one can hardly deny that it exists in the Canadian land market and, in some cases, in a remarkable degree."

—Excerpt from the mayor's report on the housing crisis.

"In essence, the transaction promises an immediate and enormous building and development program in Bramalea in a volume of more than \$116 million over the next five years and a profit to the company of \$22 million from this Bramalea affair."

—Alan Taylor in a press release.

Taylor cleared up more than \$400,000 and Armstrong more than \$350,000.

Such trading is not illegal, but it is well to remember these common profits as a guide to what is really in a developer's mind when he sets out to solve Civic's housing problem.

The transaction Taylor referred to was a second HOMÉ purchase signed last April, which will more than double the size of Bramalea over the next five years. The Ontario Housing Corporation bought 4,602 lots for town houses, at \$4,600 a lot, for a total of \$16.6 million. These 4,602 houses will be crammed, 18 to the acre, on land that originally sold for \$1,100 an acre. Servicing the lots cost about \$1,000 each, so that Bramalea's investment was about — let's be generous — \$25,000 for every acre of land it sold for \$73,000. And that is one reason why buying lots is so much.

Under the deal was made, Bramalea Consolidated was required to balance every house brought into the development with industrial investment. That is the essential purpose of the scheme: town to provide a balanced economy, not just a dormitory. For every 557 of industrial investment Bramalea had to provide 543 worth of industrial investment, as make up the difference in cash. In 1968, the lot full-time for which a figure is available, the company paid \$225,300 in penalties under the arrangement. But with the second HOMÉ purchase, this provision was scrapped. Bramalea could hardly provide industrial investment for 4,602 houses, so the Ontario government struck a bargain with the township to pay it \$11 million in cash, for which it was discharged from responsibility not only for the HOMÉ lots, but also for 1,480 single and semi-detached lots the township released at the same time for the developer's own use.

The worst aspect of this arrangement, for the company, was that it could use the Ontario government's \$16.4 million to pay off its responsibility, such as a building \$100,000, under a further 100,000 of its own lots (they will sell for more than \$10 million) and yet another profit by building and selling at the houses on Bramalea land and



THE COUPLE
who bought the lot were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Menzies. They pay \$43 49 per month for the lot and \$136.36 for their home. Before they have finished, they will have paid \$18,265.80 for their tiny lot.



THE END RESULT
is Bramalea today, a place where "there's always something to do and somewhere pleasant to do it."

the town houses on OHC land. Bramalea has its own building subsidiary to handle this end. What is more, this huge development will itself the value of more than 1,000 acres of undeveloped land, the company is still holding, for yet a fourth profit. (This had been farmed by one subsidiary, which not only produces zucchini, but keeps an account at the low, farm level.)

One sweet point: The \$11-million lump sum is designed to cover development costs for the township and 1974, but the company's responsibility has been lifted forever. What happens if, at the end of 1974, not enough new industry has been brought in to balance the housing, and taxes begin to soar? "God knows," says Councillor Aldo Ferni. "That's a good question," says Renee Bob Williams.

In short, the HOMÉ deal was profitable for the company, but does it make sense for the taxpayer and the home-buyer? The Ontario taxpayer is shelling out a huge up-front profit for housing lots in a development run by a private entrepreneur. The home-buyer is paying a monthly land lease based on the inflated price, with a profit to the province tucked on top. In the first HOMÉ deal, the OHC bought single lots for \$10,000, and sold them for \$9,200, or leased them for \$43 36 a month (which means that, over a standard 35-year mortgage, the home-owner will pay \$18,220 to rent a plot of land he still owns).

There should be a better way to make housing cheap and there is. In Yorkton, the municipality has for years been buying large tracts of land, which it sells at cost. A serviced single-building lot in Saskatchewan costs about \$15,000, compared to \$9,200 in Bramalea. Ontario has such land everywhere. Why doesn't it use them? Apparently because it doesn't want to interfere with private enterprise. When I asked H. W. Sains, managing director of the OHC, how he could help in making a profit on the HOMÉ lots, he told me that, in the first place, the lots were supposed to be leased, not sold (under the new Bramalea deal, no lots will be sold by the OHC), and in the second place, it wouldn't be fair to under-

cut the current land market. Apparently it is the standard policy of the OHC: even to lower the cost of housing, although I thought that was what the corporation was for. Sains told me that if they were HOMÉ buyers in Bramalea, they would sell at profits of up to \$5,000. "If you think we're profitable," he said, "you think we're the little pig." I expect the little pig to be a politician, I don't expect the politician to be one, or so large a pig.

"We never move here in the city, never."

—Mrs. Edwin Menzies, Bramalea resident.

"Oh, I agree the suburban might not be a bargain, and I wouldn't want to go back to it, but if I had the choice to live in Bramalea or Bramalea, I'd live in Bramalea."

—Alan Taylor in a press release.

Elaine and Edwin Menzies both 23, live with their two small children in a three-bedroom split-level house on Fairbairn Crescent in Bramalea. They paid \$17,695 for the house and lot under the HOMÉ plan — \$5,300 for the lot and \$12,395 for the house. Their monthly payments, including land mortgage, home mortgage, heat, phone, water, hydro and \$4.30 for a TV cable (which they put up an aerial in Bramalea) come to \$225.55, which is hardly cheap housing, and much more than the \$61 a month they paid for a small apartment in Toronto until last July. Despite the cost, they like it as Bramalea. They don't worry about the lack of amenities and they like the friendly young people who make up most of the population that lives in it. They first dreamed of Bramalea when their first house is here. It may be like a lot of other houses, small, roughly finished, but it's their own, something they couldn't afford in Toronto.

Thus is the danger that builds with development. Bramalea, the burger for a place of one's own. That burger will not go away simply because politicians and planners tell us we should learn to live in apartments. My question with Bramalea is not that it does not

meet that hunger, but that it meets it as passively and badly.

Bramalea provides roads and walks, all right, but it does not provide any of the other things from decent shopping and transportation to theatres and art galleries, that make a community. "It isn't a community at all," says Lloyd Lockhart, who used to edit the Bramalea Guardian before he moved back to Toronto. "It's just a collection of people."

Arthur Armstrong lives in central Toronto. He once lived in a suburb but he wouldn't want to do that again. His house overlooks a river on a tree-shaded lot where he can hear birds and see wild flowers. At the same time, his children can reach the Y, at the gallery or the museum, or the downtown stores, in just a few minutes. The whole family has blossomed since he came to the city," he told me.

But Armstrong is proud of Bramalea, and the role he has played in building it. He thinks it is about the best that can be done for families such as the Menzies. "People have to learn that not everyone has a home of his own, and not everyone was affluent to live in the city," he says.

I don't accept that I don't accept that the amenities of civilized life, many of them, in appropriate, should be available only to the rich and righteous (as perhaps shared with the slum dwellers of the city core) and that the rest of the population should be shunted off to backlands like Bramalea. With planning and administration, we could build excellent cities where they were truly cities, not just profit factories, and we could help to pay for them with some of the profit now flowing into a few pockets. Such new cities, such as Bramalea, need more active government participation than we have today. They would require land banks, substantial mortgages, long-term planning, and the muddling of government as a landlord since now is the hands of the developer.

For the lesson of Bramalea, surely it is that if the developer is left to his own devices, driven only by the hunger for gain, he will provide an expensive, profitless area.

Okay, Everybody, Get Ready For The Age Of Aquarius

Unless, that is, it's already on us. Is it? Even the astrologers don't know for sure. But they are sure it's big—and good—news. Here is Canada's first full report on why all those weird and wonderful people are sure everything is going to get better for us all (respectively after the nuclear war of 1999)

BY JON RUDY
ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS BURTON

"Everyone suddenly burst out singing, 'This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius'."

"Isn't a divine?" and the house in her silver Virgin shroud

—Small note is the St. Catherine, Ont., Standard

IT'S HEAVENLY, SWEETIE: but apart from that what's it all about? Everybody — Virgo shroudless, Pisces beard, Scorpio med-cnr salesman with eyes soft as marbles — everybody is singing or at least rapping about the Age of Aquarius, because — because Aquarius is where it's at. But where is that, exactly? According to the Broadway musical *Hair*, the new age dawns

When the moon is in the Seventh House
And Jupiter aligns with Mars
and it rains with for us all, because
Then peace will guide the planets
And love will steer the stars

A pleasant thought. To elaborate on it, though, you have to consult Mars's roots, which are in the hocus-pocus science called astrology.

Ever since the ancient Babylonians divided a plan-

etary road called the Zodiac into 12 equal constellations and applied to each an arbitrary and usually fanciful sign — just try to find the lion in Leo — the moving planets ("wanderers" in Greek) have prompted man to look upon their paths as some kind of portentous handwriting in the sky. The notion was effectively squashed around the middle of the 18th century when it became clear that the earth's own orbit caused apparently erratic planetary "movements." But early in this century astrology went into the ascendant again — doubtless related to a corresponding decline in religious faith. And it's never been higher in its ascendancy than it is right now.

The cultish projection of Aquarius, the new millennium, is recent and strange. We are all of us dimly aware of something going on. Here are the surviving ripples with their vague but enduring views on the salvation of man. Here is Norman Mailer, journalist space cadet, tagging himself as Aquarius, symbol of — of Norman Mailer, journalist space cadet. Here are the Age of Aquarius highball glasses from Woolworth's, so that the fellow who doesn't know a cusp from a crescent can use his fingers as arrows to pick up an archaic feeling that things are going to get better. Here are the historical portraits. Biblical

continued on page 81





An artist's guide to the Zodiac

Astro signs and symbols have been a consuming interest of Toronto artist Dennis Burton for eight years. For Meadon's he delved into his extensive library (*Dictionary of Mythology*, *The Book of Signs*, *Tetra Arcti*) and completed the *Aquarius Chart* — part painting, part collage — in a single night-long session at the drawing board. His cover painting of *Saturn* (right) took a little longer. Both experiences left him shaken, he says. "I was dazed and just about freaked out from all this spooky stuff! I was thinking about..."

Best known for his series of



figures studied known as Garter between Burton, 36, has recently turned to what he calls "symbolic landscapes" — large representational paintings that have a vaguely ideological look about them. Burton is not a believer. But he qualifies: "It's all right. I'm not negative."

Dennis Burton's Aquarius Chart, Being a Complete Astrological Guide to the Exalted and Earthly Signs and Symbols and Sundry Matters and Appearances Tenuously Associated by the Artist with the New Age and Selectively Identified in the Key, Below

1. An Aquarius sign from the 17th century
2. The staff of Egyptian low god Khnum with obelisk or long symbol. Obelisks is an ancient symbol for Saturn.
3. Symbol of the planet Saturn
4. Ancient sign of Aquarius, the water bearer
5. Translation (Babylonian): "Choosing one's time to die," "Reincarnation"
6. Saturn, distant planet in the constellation of Aquarius and superior. In Hindu, birth (descent on the sign). The most beautiful object in the sky and, in Greek mythology, a beautiful youth: the first flower child
7. Translation (Babylonian): "Egyptian Book of the Dead," "Tribute Book of the Dead"
8. Aquarian angel
9. Egyptian astrologer from wall fresco
10. Astrology signs
11. Astrological signs used for casting horoscopes; these signs have preserved the fundamentals of the ancient occult sciences
12. Another symbol of Aquarius
13. Tandra (Hindu) serpent-like scorpioned lotus, an early flower symbol
14. Air sign from the Middle Ages
15. Tandra magic calculator
16. Pre-Christian sun dispenser
17. Pagan sun wheel

A Montreal astrologer who styles himself Professor Henri Gazon has come up with a precise date for the dawning of the Age of Aquarius: February 6, 1970

continued from page 28 parables of innocent convulsion. Neotomas and his voice of the third instant.

In an unscheduled, rather than scheduled, instant, the faded inscription from the Age of Pisces to Aquarius is real enough, complicated but not at all mysterious. A symbol of the earth's age, explained by Newton in 1685 — it is caused by the gravitational tug of the moon on our equatorial bulge — results in a westerward movement of 50 seconds per year by the vernal equinox, which is a point of microclimate on the celestial sphere. Clear? Well, never mind. The point is that even respectable scientists recognize that something is changing. But the motion is simply a small movement to astronomers. By one Toronto scientist's reckoning, it will take about 250 years for the vernal equinox to move out of the constellation toward Pisces into Aquarius — a distant and quite meaningless milestone.

As for the astrologers, they agree only on the immensity of it all. Otherwise, the diversity of opinion on the astrological calendar is astounding. My own search for the astrological Age of Aquarius began in Vancouver on the notably half-baked theory that the most ancient individuals now viewed like the vernal equinox, until their progress is blocked by a large body of water. (This may help explain California — if not BC.)

Mr. L. L. Goff, a freelance newspaper writer and creator of horoscopes for Vancouver's *Newsweek* ("I could only weep"), the very believes the Aquarian Age will begin in the year 3031 and last precisely 2016 years. This coincidence is derived (from Daniel) in the Bible and from his own religious sources. Mr. Goff adds that German astrologers — the best he's trained in Berlin — believe the Piscean Age ended in 1963 and that things will be "only good" until Aquarius "goes gang." The trouble has been that Neptune, which controlled the Age of Pisces, is "wholly by planet" — there was a keep-up-with-the-Jonsons philosophy dominating modern New Orleans, which rules Aquarius, is a powerful planet. The world will change for the better. Every body will help everybody else out.

Another practicing Vancouver astrologer — had vibrations propped her to demand anonymity — says the Age of Aquarius begins with the French Revolution. It was the first time the masses took over from the rich. People creating change are symptomatic of the new age. Aquarius, she adds, is ruled by both Saturn and Uranus.

The dean of U.S. astrologers, Cornell Higher Education's new delivery room named "Cancer," "Moonchildren" 10 years ago, states that the Age of Aquarius started in 1964, according "as

age of tears and sorrow focused on the death of Christ. Higher and his followers see the next 2,000 years as a landscape, very arid, very hostile."

A Montreal astrologer who styles himself Professor Henri Gazon has come up with an even more precise date than Righter: The Age of Aquarius, he says, commenced on February 6, 1970, which is — good heavens — the month. It's a question of adjusting from the Gregorian to the Julian calendar and it's, well, a very complicated subject. The age will be marked, says Professor Gazon, by earthquakes and a return to normality. Massacres will cease, the gradual disappearance of hopes will be another.

The very age got off to a dry start — the dropping of the Bomb on Hiroshima — according to John Maudesley, a Montreal astrologer and TV personality who comes from Regina, Sask., where he studied with a Hindu guru. Maudesley who says he was part of an astrological team that advised the British war cabinet of the advice Hitler was getting from his astrologers during an intense war in 1944. "We will have to go through that crisis before the good effects of the Aquarian Age will be felt," he says brightly.

Astrology's current status as Victorian and comforting but minor for most seems able to dissolve the faithful from their horoscopes. Mrs. Elizabeth Peltier, a psychologist who teaches a course in astrology at Centennial College in Scarborough, Ont., believes that its modern past is its most beautiful branch of ideas — they give me a royal pain. "The theories marking what Aquarius the ages as rapid delusions. 'What the devil does a man?' Not a thing."

In literary King, an astrologer and chief administrator of Toronto's new McLoughlin Planetarium says he would have been an astrologer himself in the 15th century when the earth was considered to be at the centre of the universe. "It's regrettable that so many people is this apparently enlightened and certainly scientific age could interpret the universe in the light of 600-year-old knowledge. The coming together of planets is at no more representative of the coming together of the hands of a clock. It is all odds against to say these that the depth of human credulity is almost limitless."

Which way goes at the whole Aquarian thing perfectly. Mr. Gazon is reassuring prophets, and what astrologers have going for this is the fact that your past is probably as good as mine in a world that's changing so fast. The turning of the Age of Aquarius may occur when anybody can see for whatever comes into his head — and stand a good chance of turning out to have been absolutely right. □

The Profit Prophets

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

Photographs by Mike Gilms



Michael Pyra, an upper-class Indian, struts out of *J. P. Donaghy*, but a stock-market system that is really bizarre. Only an immense Indian with a Cambridge education is higher mathematics could have devised it. The system rests on the notion that not just the market, but everything, is expanding at a rate that fluctuates in accordance with inscrutable laws.

By means too obscure to dwell upon here, Pyra was able to suggest this universal growth rate in a single number. Then he borrowed a computer in Montreal — he won't say whose — and had it compute a set of logarithmic tables, based on his magic number instead of the usual base of 10. With these tables in hand, he looks at the ups and downs of the market, which he says are actually never fluctuations but accompany the overall upward trend of his universal curve. By converting these relative fluctuations with his logs," he explains, "I get a pattern that corresponds to the market."

There are many refinements, however, for Pyra is an eclectic. He is concerned, for instance, with the weather level and the effect of magnetic storms on market behavior.

Pyra says his system accurately predicted last May's market boom. And for 1970? A docking market most of the year, then a dramatic turnaround in November or December. The Dow Jones, says Pyra, will probably break 2,000 by January 1971.



GARTHWIN ROSENFELD, an Israeli-born, is the man that manages Gordon Growth, generally considered to be the greatest financial fund in the country, attributes his success to his background as a Method actor. "Before we buy a stock," he says, "I interview the management. Because I've played a lot of roles, I know what they're playing roles. I can feel which is going to happen with every part of me."

For example, I was looking at this company whose stock was \$17. It looked like it was going to \$22. So I interviewed the president. He had a good story — but it didn't feel right. In Sternfeld's terms, the guy didn't really believe in his tale.

So I did some checking and, sure enough, I found the company didn't have anything like the markets it said it did. The stock did go up — but now it's \$1.50."

This kind of anecdotal analysis, he says, depends almost wholly on his own assessment of people. And that depends on who Gordon Rosenfeld is and who he thinks he is. The son of the Canadian head of Columbia Pictures, his own business ventures (theaters, vending machines, shipping centers, hotels) made him a near-millionaire before he was 35. Then, about the time his first marriage was breaking up, he sold out and went to England for a year to study acting. He played professional roles in British TV dramas, then returned to Toronto to work on Bay Street, and to study as actors. "I'm very preoccupied," says Rosenfeld. "I love to hear people talk."



THE TRADING FLOOR scholars of the market are the technical analysts who chart trends in the price and volume of the shares traded on the world's stock exchanges, then draw little graphs to illustrate these trends and then, on the basis of the charts, predict if the market will go up or down. There are about a dozen hardware chartists in the country, and one of the wildest is a 25-year-old American named Ian Alpher, in the Canadian research department of Ruck & Co.

Alpher is a capitalist prodigy. He bought his first stocks when he was 12, he had his own market letter when he was 17. "I don't charge people for a subscription," he says. "I was too young to register with the SEC."

Now he writes the "technical letter" for Ruck, which is a weekly report for Ruck's customers on what Alpher thinks the numbers are saying. His opinion is an amalgam of the various indicators he uses — every chartist has his own pet indicators, and usually keeps his favorites secret. One Alpher will talk about however is called the "emotional index" — he measures the difference between the number of stocks that advanced or declined on any given day on the New York Stock Exchange, then plots this figure on a "moving-average" line. When the average goes down, the market is about to go up.

And what are all the little numbers saying these days? "The bear market should continue until at least in February," says Alpher. "Then we might see some buying."



KNOW AND MURRAY BLASHOVICK are a man and couple in Manhattan who have finally succeeded in figuring out the hidden lives of the universe. These laws, among other things, make the stock market behave the way it does. They call their prediction system "Space-Time Forecasting." If you want to buy that market, later — and a number of recently hard-headed securities analysts are among their clients — it will cost you \$300 per year.

Murray Blashovick, born in Toronto, wrote for the *Star Weekly* before Ernest Hemingway died. Her husband "did very well" on the bond market prior to 1929. He spent the next 18 years figuring out what he had.

The result was their Space-Time theory. The method, they say, consists of measuring changes in the electromagnetic field of the solar system, which tells them when the economy is going to do.

There is a lot of anti-astrology analyst who believes their work reeked of "intellectualty gone." But most laymen will find their predictions hopelessly ambiguous. They do, however, clearly predict "chaos generated by human behavior" for the next three years at least, and probably until the year 2066.

Although the portions of the planets do figure in their calculations, Space-Time Forecasting is not astrology. It is, says Muriel Blashovick, a "purely scientific" (from the terrified subtitle that is astrology, typically correlated with the findings of modern physics).



ROSS MORRISON, who at the moment is the hottest market-fund manager in the country, comes on like a tank. He shuffles around his office on the 10th floor of Montreal's Place Victoria, saying things like, "My goodness! Fug Phobos' gone above 400 yen. Can we still believe in it?" Borealis that Saskatchewan farm-boy lapels, needless to say, pales the brow of a mere mortal. As vice-president, investment management, Canadian Channing Corporation, he's now responsible for investing about \$180-million of other people's money. Over the long term there are other Canadian fund managers who have turned in better performance. But most of the go-go funds have dropped at least 20 percent since last May's market break, while Morrison's Canadian Channing Venture Fund has increased by about 12 percent.

People keep asking him how he does it. The short answer is that Canadian Channing Venture just fell back 43 percent of its money in Japanese stocks, which alone defined last year's bearish trend. The true answer is something Morrison can't, or won't, really explain. He works in a large office area with four colleagues who never hold formal meetings. But in a sort of consensus group, they process the flow of their sense of direction about which stocks they can "tolerably" wish.

"Our only system," he says, "is that we have no system. I guess you could call it a matter of educated instinct. You've got to feel it, how." Morrison puts his glasses



It may be an admirable position, if you feel in your bones that after a quarter century of rising stock prices there's now to be a day of reckoning and retribution, then Donald Storey and Anthony Borealis are your men. They're editors of *The Bank Credit Analyst*, a Montreal-based publication of private circulation and wide influence. Storey and Borealis analyze the market by measuring changes in liquidity — meaning, roughly, how much money and credit are around. The charts Storey and Borealis have constructed are enough to scare hell out of anybody. They show that the liquidity situation in the world is loose since — heh, heh — 1939. "Liquidity is at rock-bottom levels," says Borealis. "The situation is quite threatening."

On St. James St. they're considered mavericks — but respected ones. Not all economists agree with their basic contention that the most efficient gauge of economic expansion is the flow of money, the lifeblood of the economy. But some of the most revered U.S. fund managers are among their subscribers, and Borealis has put his money where his charts are by refusing to invest in any equities but gold stocks, which in hard times tend to increase in value.

"There's going to be a lot of pain," he says. "The only way liquidity can be restored is by reducing liabilities. People are going to have to stop buying houses they can't afford. I think we're going to see the biggest stock market drop in world history."



WELL, it was just slightly embarrassing, that's all. Here is the huge investment house, McLeod, Young, Wey & Co., which employs dozens of highly trained people to figure out market trends. And then they have these two kids, practically. Adrian Browne and his wife Sandy, who have special skills with computers, give them a long room with a computer terminal and tell them to play around with it and see what they can come up with. Well, they fiddle around for a few months and they're back a sophisticated model — "A very crude one, actually," says Adrian — that will tell them when to buy and sell 42 stocks listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Then they run this program through the computer. It tells them that if they'd applied their formula for four years, 1965 to 1969, they would have gained 13 percent on their investment every year! That's twice as fast as the market, so a whole appreciation, a better performance record than some of the biggest mutual funds.

"Everybody around the office looks at the print-out," says Sandy. "and they say, 'Well, the market's just not that simple.' They're right, of course. But if the Browne's can do that well with a crude program, what happens when they come up with a sophisticated one?"

Already on Wall Street, computers are recommending which stocks to make. They're even programmed to try to outguess other computers. On Bay Street, the machines are still ready for paperwork. But most big firms are starting to hire or train people like the Brownes. □

What Ever Became Of Judy LaMarsh?

BY JUDY LAMARSH
Photographs by Beverly Racette

WHAT EVER HAPPENED to Judy LaMarsh?

A little of everything has happened to me since I left the parliamentary fish bowl in April 1982. It seems so distant everyone that I was not at the first bits of Ottawa east idyll by the roaring tide of Trudeloanania. It has not done much good to protest that I had long before planned to leave politics. I was bored with the stale swirl's pace of parliamentary business, the frustration of the system and above all the ken of privacy Pierre Elliott Trudeau's ascendancy had little to do with it, although my departure from the federal scene recently caused a ripple in a lot of people measured by a new leader and exhibited at the expectation of the soon-to-be Just Society.

I closed my Ottawa apartment, put my furniture in storage and returned home in the flowering Niagara Falls spring. For weeks I found myself in a kind of torpor, simply going through the motions of daily life with no clear goal ahead. I had divorced myself from politics but the messy matter now divorced I had no clear idea what I wanted to do with the rest of my life.

Before leaving Ottawa I had toyed with the idea of writing a book on my political experience and had tentatively approached Jack MacLellan, of *MacLellan and Stewart*, the Canadian publishers. So now I renewed my query: was he interested in publishing such a book? Inevitably, our negotiations became known and soon other publishers approached me. MacLellan moved in with a fat cheque as an advance and a contract and I was committed.

Now, how to write a book? It is self I wrote the book for gusto and I suppose I did, at least partly. But the main reason was that I simply had to write it to purge myself of politics once and for all.

I called Walter Gordon — after all he had written a book — and as always he gave me cautiously sensible advice: put it down and begin. But even before doing that I had to find a friendly book manager to keep me afloat while I was writing and someone to employ me part-time. Luckily, I found one of each.

I was best by one other provision. For eight years I had not actually lived in my house in Niagara Falls, just visited it briefly on weekends. Now I saw that the poor thing sagged with my neglect. By the time I signed the contract for the book I had decided that somehow I was going to have to fix the place up. I found two university students doing odd jobs for the summer and they became my roid and my staff. And they worked me along with Rita, the girl who kept my house spotless for years. We

dog-eat and damped ten of accumulated junk. I sent out my mother's furniture for refashioning. Oh, too, were certain and rug, all my Ottawa papers and many mementos. I was determined to start afresh. As a consequence, that summer I received all my visitors on two garden chairs in an edging shell of a house.

I wrote my book on pads of self yellow paper, using a portable typewriter set up in my bedroom. I was utterly disorganized. Some days I would jump from bed in the morning with sometimes already forming in my head and foot to get it all down, sitting undisturbed and disheveled, I would write all day in the bliss of an air-conditioner, oblivious to the sounds of painters and carpenters and plumbers, forgetting to eat and thankful of every interruption.

But most days my head was utterly empty. I hated the typewriter and fled from it to dig in the garden, move stones, chase the contractor or decorator or simply berate the tradesman.

It was then — and worse when the plumbers had the water disconnected for days I moved to a guest and then, among the housemen, hid myself away to hammer at that typewriter. By the beginning of August I had several chapters done and MacLellan, his editor, John Robert Colombo, and Fred Kohn, representing *Western* magazine, which had bought the serial rights on the basis of a 50-400 outline, came to Niagara to inspect their purchase. When I handed over my manuscript for their inspection, I felt naked. But when the reading was over they handed me the second advance cheque. Apparently it would do — but I had only six weeks to finish it.

August was terrible. I wrote and wrote and wrote — but it was never finished. I had a crick in my neck. My shoulders ached. My fingers were stiff. The distractions in the house were going slowly and gobbling money faster than I could make it. The typing of the manuscript was going badly. When it was finished I found I had written about 250,000 words in those two months. Each chapter had taken me about seven hours of study typing, and now I was to find the revision of the rough work would take even longer.

I don't remember the latter part of that August and early September too clearly. I saw no one and scarcely left my desk. I hired typists to do the final manuscript — and then, disaster: they would not read my printed revisions. Again I closed myself, this time to read all the latter half of the book into a tape recorder. I read all day, every day until it was done. Thankfully, my voice held out. By the end of September,





JUDY LAMARSH *continues*

only two weeks post deadline, the revision was completed. But they didn't like my working title, *Twenty-Five to One: They Wanted Something More Commercial*. Finally they decided upon *Judy Lamarsh: A Personal Memoir*. Ugh. That title left me very, very cold, so I made a dozen suggestions until, miraculously, they agreed to substitute *It's the Memoir Of A Bird In A Gilded Cage*. I thought it was funny and that it suited Duncan Macpherson's literary cartoon drawn for the book jacket. But even now I won't read it.

By early December I was required to finish checking and revising the page proofs. My own words were also, set out in cold print. When I finished I vowed never to read the printed thing again. Not have I.

Someone parts of the book looked (from the CBC, it's said) and a rash of publicity developed before publication date. I dutifully appeared for radio, TV and newspaper interviews arranged by the publishers, and then took off for a two-week swing across central Canada, the west and later to Halifax for personal appearances to promote the book. Those weeks remain a blur of interviews and cold and snow and of the faces of hundreds of people pressing books on me to autograph. My domestic standards, the book was a best seller and the royalties helped greatly to reduce my political debts. It was selected by a book club in my own town as a text in some high schools and at least two Canadian universities, and it is paperback.

That summer of 1968 immediately after I left Ottawa was, then, mostly given over to struggling with the house and the various junk endeavors were punctuated with visits from people who sought me out with business proposals and, undecided about the future, I listened to every suggestion.

By the end of September 1968, having finished my book, I began seriously to look around for interesting and rewarding work—preferably something I could do while living in Niagara Falls. A number of suggestions were made: a local radio show, a syndicated radio show, a series of films, a weekly newspaper column and syndicated columnists, the presidency of a consumer firm, political office on the municipal and later on the regional levels, a partnership in a local law firm, a full-time job as a Canadian director of a German manufacturing concern, the presidency of a Canadian university, a weekly TV talk show (two different proposals for that), a full-time job writing a three-weekly newspaper column while doing a TV show of some kind not then determined and, finally a part-performer, part-executive post

with a broadcasting network.

Some friends urged me to open a law office in Ottawa to represent clients before the Canadian Film Development Corporation and the Canadian Radio and Television Commission. Others urged me to open a business law firm in Toronto. I was reluctant to appear before government boards. I had myself appointed until at least a year had elapsed. The TV or radio work involved tying myself to one base, and the syndicated offers were ill-conceived. I had made up my mind Niagara Falls and there I wanted to stay.

In October 1968 I walked into a local office in the president of a cosmetics firm. It seemed a natural field for a woman cosmetics. I will thank you, although this particular position was not a suitable choice for me, after 10 days I got out fast.

The proprietor of the local radio station, an engaging, energetic young man, and several others approached me about doing a morning talk show. The money for two hours a day was enough to keep me afloat temporarily, so I found myself one day a temporary president and the next a radio broadcaster. I was one of a team—my lieutenant being the local Anglican priest, a Conservative who had lost to Joe Greer in the fight for an old seat in the House of Commons. We made an interesting contrast for our listeners. Our program was developed on one page per day and we worked hard to give our audience something to chew on weekly. It was great fun. The show ran three months, until I had to leave on the promotional tour for *The Bird*. I had earlier submitted a proposal from Susan Griffiths of Ottawa's CKOI to appear in a television series in a kind of sociopolitical ombudsman. His was an exciting attempt to use television in a new way in interplay between the audience and performer by interviewing real people with real grievances against government and industry or society in general and to help them find a solution. My role would be to play a little of the lawyer, a little of the judge and a lot of God. Griffiths put together an otherwise-out group of young activists and together we resolved to correct some of the nagging stuff of the world.

The program was not accepted as intended, and was surprisingly effective: the public airing of grievances often brought useful results. We developed several different formats before settling on the one that went on-air as a local show in Ottawa early in 1969. The crisis arose when the public came to realize that the film makers intended *The Larkspur Show* was the most-watched locally produced Sunday show in Ottawa.

'I'd written a book—now, they said be a columnist, a broadcaster, a legal adviser, a TV ombudsman. What I wanted most—whichever I chose—was to stay in Niagara Falls'



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JUDY LAMARSH *continues*

In the first six months I flew up to Ottawa for taping sessions about every three weeks. By the spring it was a weekly trip. This constant travelling was as bad as the politician's life I had given up. I wanted to settle in one spot. I had long since made my decision against living in Ottawa and had opted for Niagara Falls. I reaffirmed my decision and the embodiment died at the end of one season.

At the invitation of a foreign company, I went to Germany for a few days to attend their directors' meeting. In the spring I visited Bogotá, Colombia. Next May I am off to Hawaii, Japan and Hong Kong with a tour sponsored by Niagara travel agencies to see Expo '70 and the Great!

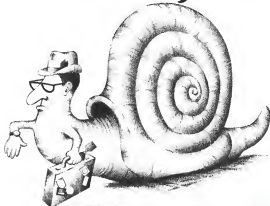
By April 1969, with the embodiment TV show and the book launched, I had been unemployed for a year, although I was shocked to find that my income in that time had exceeded that of a minister of the Crown. It was time to settle on my future, and, I suppose inevitably I went back to my first love, the practice of law. I joined a Niagara Falls firm and again involved myself in choosing parks, furniture, equipment, books, sculpture and paintings for the opening of an office in the seaside city of St. Catharines, Ont.

I proudly hung out my shingle on May 1, 1969. Today, after less than a year back in the courts, I know that this time my choice was the right one. I live in Niagara Falls and commute daily to St. Catharines. That is where I grew up and where the people know me and like me. I have come home. The women of the area, six months after my return, threw a smashing public reception for me and Niagara has undertaken its "welcome back" with an award for helping to promote the progress of the area.

I sense a new respect with women, many of whom write to me about their problems, and less hostility from men. I have a renewed interest in the young and the underprivileged. I seldom see my former political colleagues—let them, why should I? All we ever had in common was politics. I am still very much interested in government but have abandoned partisan politics.

There is time now to cook for friends and family, and for films and books and conversation beyond politics. Driving home from work these winter evenings of early dusk I feel myself aware of a feeling of contentment. That's a rare state for anyone. I am happy. I know I am fortunate. If they ever ask you "What ever happened to Judy Lamarsh?", tell them "Why, the cage is open and the bird flies free." ☐

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"No man should have to wait." *Avia, 1969.*

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"Out on the Alaskan Highway it was no gift it hurt your eyes. It was a pleasant walk to Watson Lake and

the Motel agency, the Twilight Service Garage. I told the owner all I had was the Money Card. He rented me his car without any hesitation."

Stan Kane even looked broke walking along the Alaska Highway. But he was going to prove that an American Express Money Card is all the money you need to carry.



Mile 648 Alaska Highway, May 2/69: Starting from here, in the middle of a nowhere, Stan Kane was going to put the American Express Money Card to the test.

He would walk the 5 miles to Watson Lake in the Yukon Territory. There he had to rent a car, drive it to the airport in Whitehorse, fly to Vancouver, rent a hotel room, buy clothes and finally go out to dinner.



3 "At the Whitehorse airport, I bought a ticket for the next CP Air flight to Vancouver. When I gave the Passenger Agent the Money Card he said, 'It's as good as cash as far as I'm concerned.' Then he wrote up my ticket."



3 "I was still in my bath clothes when I walked in to the push Bosphorus Inn in Vancouver. It half-expected the 'bath's rash', but when I showed that American Express Card, the Assistant Manager just smiled and handed me the registration form."



4 "The next morning I was shopping. I saw the American Express shield in the window of Jack Elson's Men's Wear, so I went in. They had a great selection and were more than happy to accept the Money Card."



5 "Dinner that evening at My's Encore was superb. It was really amazing to think that I had done so much and traveled so far without so much as a nickel in my jeans. Of course I used the Money Card to pay the bill."



"Now that I know what an American Express Money Card can do, I'll never travel without one." If you'd like the convenience and confidence of an American Express Money Card, just fill in the coupon above.

The Plasticization Of Practically Everything

"Let me give ya one word of advice," the businessman said to Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. A long pause, then: "Plastics."

He may have been right. The whole world is turning plastic. Look around. Reviled, despised plastic — so disparaged that "plastic" has become the young-generation's most pejorative word — is now the substance of our society's most beautiful objects.

The very best of our designers are showing us just what can be done with plastic, in everything from chess sets to chessfields. Everything in this photograph (everything intimate, that is) is plastic. Today's slickest clothes have "wetlook" surfaces. The secret: designers are using plastic with honesty, not as fakery.

But one problem with plastics is that the molds are enormously expensive. A simple high chair designed by Voli Hübel, for

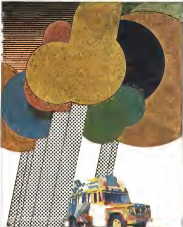
instance, cost \$12,000 for the mold alone. So high chairs require a huge volume of sales to be economically feasible. But, as the demand for elegant plastic goods increases — as it will — prices will go down. Right now the only good designs selling cheaply are inflatables. And yet, the first piece of great molded furniture was a chair designed by Charles Eames in 1948. But it took furniture manufacturers seven years to figure out how to copy it. Until very recently, they've been content to make plastic look like something else (often wood) instead of working with it to reveal its own beauties and strengths. Now, thank goodness, designers are producing plastic artifacts that are truly of our time, the antiques of the future. We've shown a few of these Canadian designs here. Turn to page 62 for a where-to-buy guide □

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS; PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CRAIG



The Offbeat Road To Expo 70: Paved With Offbeat Pleasures

BY JAMES MONTAGNES



THERE ARE TWO good reasons why anyone going to Expo 70 in Osaka this year should make a few detours from the beaten path to Japan. The first is that most people can take only so much of the splendor of world expositions — and the first is the same whether you go for three days or three weeks. The second, and more persuasive reason is that for most it will be their first and only trip to the Pacific and the Orient. So if you're going, splurge a little. Invest more cash and time and go paradise-hopping.

For relatively little extra you could take in Hong Kong, Macao, Formosa and Thailand. You could go there by ship, and fly back. Visit Australia. Wear a lei in Hawaii. Dodge minor volcanoes in Japan. Or, for about half as much fare again, fly around the world with Expo 70 as just a stop on the way.

There are two ways to travel — alone, and in groups. Groups are cheaper, but you can travel alone at exorbitant air fares, and sign up for a few tours along the way, particularly those run by the Japan Tourist Bureau. Any travel agency will tell you about a variety of condensed tours. The cheapest, and cheapest, trip is with an organization that has arranged a jet charter flight. Airline regulations say you must join these organizations six months before the flight.

Expo 70 opens March 15 and ends September 13. Can you afford to go? Let's look at the fares.

The Vancouver-Tokyo economy return fare is \$729, with no time limit on travel. Both Canadian Pacific (CP Air) and Japan Airlines (JAL) operate out of Vancouver. Rates will increase slightly by July, but now a 21-day excursion is \$664 — and if you are part of a group booking of 15 or more, that fare goes down to \$573. This is just one of 14 different fare-to-land combinations.

A fairly typical "temple" Expo-Orient tour is an American Express one from San Francisco. It takes in Tokyo, Hong Kong, two-to-a-room hotel, Expo tickets, sight-seeing in Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka, and four days in Hong Kong — to buy up the 1966 old year American Express card. It costs from \$890 (\$75) up.

An alliance of shipping and airlines produces interesting variants. JAL and

American President Lines, for instance, have four tours, the shortest being 22 days out of San Francisco. One tour ship sails at Vancouver on June 5.

You sail five days to Hawaii, stop for a day, sail 10 days to Kobe, a port near Expo. You connect to Expo for three days, using the ship as a hotel. After a five-day tour of Japan, you fly home. Cost is \$958 or more, depending on your cabin. The Pacific and Orient, the Maunaloa and the Holland-America lines also have Canada-Japan liners.

Most of that involves three-week stops. If you want to do the entire Pacific in that time, you can pay \$1,283 for an independent 21-day excursion return fare from Toronto via Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Darwin, Sydney, New Zealand, Fiji, Honolulu (or stop Honolulu in favor of Tahiti and Mexico City). For an extra \$15 Air Canada throws in Indonesia. Without a time limit, the fare from Toronto is \$1,358.

Or if you'd rather go round the world, take in Expo while on route from Toronto, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Delhi, Tehran, Paris and a few other exotic places on the way. Air Canada charges \$1,549, plus \$999 for the land portion of the 33-day trip — the price includes two-to-a-room accommodation and some meals. Air Canada offers another world tour of 37 days for the same air fare, calling in Los Angeles, Honolulu, 12 days in Japan, five days in Moscow, then on to Budapest, Prague, Paris, London and — guess? — back to Toronto.

You'll need visas for Formosa, Korea, the Philippines and Thailand. Smallest vaccinations are a must for everywhere, plus a cholera shot for Hong Kong and typhus, typhoid and paratyphoid shots for the odd stop along the route. Get all these long before the trip: traveling with vaccination fever is hell. Carry six extra passport pictures for on-the-spot use.

Remember the Orient is hot in the Expo months. Drop-dry clothes are best — you may not be anywhere long enough to get cleaning done. Don't forget bathing suits. With the exception of Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and Japan itself, drink bottled water or tea. And read about the countries before your trip starts. Beginning here

Hong Kong: Mecca of the 24-hour suit



Hong Kong is not only scenically magnificent. It is also the bargain hunter's paradise.

Hong Kong will cost \$216 extra on your round-trip Vancouver-Tokyo fare. It is one stop (or about four hours) away from Japan's capital. A new 21-day Vancouver-Tokyo Hong Kong return fare is \$884.

The island and its mainland adjunct has been a British colony for almost 130 years. Sightseers should make a trip by cable car to 1,800-foot high Victoria Peak, where the wealthy live and its busy harbor. There are lunch trays just for the thousands of sampans and junks that house the floating Chinese population. Tours are available around the island at Hong Kong. By ferry to Kowloon and the New Territories on the mainland.

Hong Kong has golf clubs, horse races, hundreds of good restaurants, train trips to the Government China bazaar at Lo Wu, Chinese temples and churches for all Christian faiths, a university, the giant Tiger Balm Gardens—and dozens and dozens of nightclubs. It also has slums where refugees from mainland China (crowd in with the local Chinese population in Hong Kong) are three and a half hours by train, ten by helicopter if it operates, from Macao, a Portuguese province since 1957.

But the shopping is the thing. Here you can buy watches, fashions and cameras that are cheaper than in the countries where they are made...not from street hawkers but at reliable stores. Japanese cameras, for instance, are cheaper here than in Tokyo. Bargaining for such items

is gradually disappearing, but price what you want in general stores, and you'll probably have shopkeepers insist the cassette price is do a little bit better. Jewels, jewelry, pearls, ivory and other hand-crafted items are all measurable. Make sure you get proof of the non-Communist Chinese origin of the merchandise if you return via the United States.

Best bargains are men's and women's clothing made on short notice, even 24 hours. Prices are about half those in Canada. Have drawings of what you want or show the tailor the clothing you are wearing, so you won't get outlandish outfits. You'll spend your time coming back for those things or more. The shop will keep your measurements and you can order by mail in future. Custom-made shoes are also a good bargain. Reliable stores have Hong Kong Tourist Association signs.

Hole-in \$10 a day up. Restaurants and hotels serve every type of cuisine. Try the Chinese provincial dishes, which you'll get nowhere else outside China.

Hawaii: Orchids for the tourist



Hawaii is true—at least as far as your air fare is concerned. There is no extra charge whether you fly to Tokyo direct, or go one way via the scenic tropical island. You can save 50 by skip over Hawaii from the west coast ports of Vancouver, San Francisco and Los Angeles and fly home.

If there is no other way to get a glimpse of the South Pacific, make sure Hawaii is on your itinerary. This is where Polynesians, Melanesians, Caucasians, Japanese, Chinese and Africans have shared an easy life for centuries.



YOUR NEXT CAR SHOULD LOOK THIS GOOD

Chrysler 300. Photo courtesy

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ROAD TO EXPO continued

Whether you have a few days or several weeks to spend, you will be kept busy. You'll be greeted at dockside or airport by beautiful grass-shorn Hawaiian girls who will help an orchid lei around your neck.

Honolulu's Waikiki Beach is likely to be your initiation into Hawaiian life. From its modern beachfront hotels you can watch the surf riders coming in on the big waves. Try this exciting sport. But don't go out without lessons.

You can more easily go out in outrigger canoes and excursion catamarans for a tour of the beachfront view of the Honolulu skyline and Diamond Head. There are sight-seeing bus trips all over the island of Oahu circling through lush mountain passes, through tunnels carved in the forested mountains and along roads winding cliffs high above the sea. One excursion must be a Snake Boat, where porpoises are trained to help make an underwater explanation.

In the Polynesian cultural centre natives of Samoa, Fiji, Tahiti, Hawaii, Tonga and New Zealand always demonstrate their native dances and handicrafts. For camera fans, Kodak mall windows has Hawaiian dance pieces perform in front of a glass hut and palm tree background in Kapiolani Park. A Canadian, Yvonne Bern, Ph.D., of the University of Ottawa, has built a Hawaiian war museum on Kalia Avenue, and this provides a short but dramatic history of the islands.

Honolulu teams with hotel, motel, restaurants. You might visit the palace of the former royal family of Hawaii, the botanical gardens, the Academy of Arts, the Aloha Theatre shopping centre with more than 150 shops, the first residential area with gardens filled with blooming tropical flowers, the University of Hawaii, historic Pearl Harbor, pineapple plantations and natural wonders such as majestic Diamond Head.

But don't leave without visiting other islands in the group. Some can be reached for as little as five dollars each for each stop on your mainland tour. One day charter excursion trips provide a tour of most of the islands for about \$40. Most out-landings have good resort hotels, magnificent scenery, good beaches and lots of the birds that make Honolulu and Waikiki Beaches most rates very low: under \$100 dollars to \$39 a day for single occupancy (you pay half if you share a room) with a four percent state tax added.

Malaysia: Gad, sir! Cricket and snakes?



In Malaysia and the city of Singapore, a mixture of Chinese, Indonesian, British, Portuguese and Dutch. The architecture and the customs reflect the mixture of East and West. It is perhaps nowhere else in East Asia. Walking Singapore would add \$329 to your economy round trip air fare from Vancouver to Tokyo, or \$290 if you are on a 21 day excursion fare. Singapore is a free port for almost every type of merchandise and it comes next to Hong Kong for bargains. Here, too you can have a suit or dress made during your one- or two-day stay much more cheaply than in Canada.

Kuala Lumpur, the Malaysian capital, is a fairly modern city with British colonial Victorian Malayish architecture and customs that date back to the long years of British rule. In Malaysia, you'll find the cricket field still in use.

Sight-seeing in Kuala Lumpur includes an art gallery with contemporary Malaysian paintings, a national museum, including the various ethnic cultures that have formed the population, a new parliament building, an extraordinary mosque, a large modern shopping centre, the Ministry of Government, Languages, Culture, Chinese and Hindu temples and an Anglican cathedral.

The Malay Peninsula has good roads, bus transportation, and you can rent a car to drive to the Cameron Highlands, a mountain resort area, or to the mountains for a hike in the open landscape in forested valleys.

Include the 110 square mile island of Penang, off the coast in your

Itinerary. You'll see Malay fishing villages, and a Chinese Buddhist temple where the snakes are sacred with snakes. Malaysia where certain walking snakes are kept in little in its past—it was capital of a 24th century Moslem empire. Then a Portuguese colony for 130 years from 1611. Followed by 180 years of Dutch rule ending in 1824 when the British took over. For wild life seekers, take in the National Park in the state of Pahang, Kelantan and Terengganu where there are tigers, honey bees, deer, elephants, tigers, monkeys, wild boar and a myriad of tropical birds.

The Malay Peninsula includes some recently built air-conditioned hotels though most date back to colonial days. Rates are from five dollars to thirty higher in Singapore where the Raffles Hotel is the most famous. Chinese, Malaysian, Indian and European-American food is most common, but Malay food specialties include the delicious spicy cubes of meat unspiced on skewers broiled over charcoal, and skewers in grates of buttered rice.

Thailand: A great place for the snap-happy



Bangkok. The Temple of the 300 Buddhas, including temples, including people and classical dances by smiling deities and beautiful girls. Thailand will add \$329 to your round trip Toronto Tokyo economy fare at \$637.

Thailand has, most been occupied by European colonizers. Its name means "Land of the Free." But the price of independence was perpetual war until 1947 when it

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Carte Blanche gives you more than credit

Image: Knowledge of travel and (P) from your own.



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Take a look around you. part of our good life is the good things in it. And when things help good things happen.

54 HAROLD L. FISHER ET AL.

downloaded via page 50



We love babies. That's why we pamper them so much—absolutely free. With bottles, baby baths, bibs, cribs, diapers, high chairs, playpens and baby foods. And we prepare formula to your specifications. Giving our smallest guests the V.I.P. treatment may seem like a little thing. But little ones grow up—and then they come back. For all the other little things that make The Queen Elizabeth a great hotel.

A CN hotel operated by Hilton Canada Ltd. Please call for overnight guests. First stop for buses from the airport. Other Hilton-operated hotels in Canada—Montreal, Vancouver (a CN Hotel) and the Montreal Adlon Hotel. Reservations: your travel agent, any Hilton or CN hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

Montréal



It's the little things
that make
The Queen Elizabeth
a great hotel.

ROAD TO EXPO covered

Tahiti: Grass skirts and no cutlery

On your roundtrip ticket from Vancouver to Tokyo (\$7300 if we'll cost another \$3300 to take in all French Polynesians. Shogun is at Tahiti and neighbouring atolls with routes to a superstore of South Pacific romances—Moorea, Rangiroa, Bora Bora. You won't need a visa if you stay for fewer than 10 days.

Tahiti, once you get away from Papeete's motorable traffic, is a peaceful place—no traffic, few people, waterfalls in hidden glades of lush green forest, empty beaches, hidden villages along the coastal road and impossibly flamboyant flowers everywhere.

In the past few years there has been a hotel building boom, but there are no skyscrapers. Most new buildings blend into the scenery, some with palm-fringed roofs or thatched hampers with tropical verandas. Practically all have good dining rooms. Try the Polynesian cooking, particularly here evaluated raw fish sucking pig cooked in palm or banana leaves, roast pork done in an open fire pit, baked breadfruit, yams, porridge made of bananas, and coconut.

On Moorea you'll likely attend a *fa'aaloalo*, or native feast, at one of the hotels, where you'll see the first cookery in the grounds, then, or better. Don't look for cutlery. You eat native food with your fingers. At the regular multi-dance exhibition the chef acts as a sergeant major to boom out the warriors, dressed by grass-skirted young men and women to the thumping of a hollow log drum.

Of the islands within easy reach of Tahiti, Bora Bora is probably the most beautiful with its volcanic mountain peaks thrusting up out of Cook's Bay—the setting of some of the scenes in the movie *South Pacific*. On the coral atoll of Rangiroa, where there are no hotels at all, you can see how Polynesians used to live and still live on the outgoing islands.

Moorea is expensive, most being on a main island, except on Tahiti where there are also restaurants. Dined on \$10-\$35 (single depending where you stay). But there is no tipping. There is a very and pleasant service to Moorea across a choppy sea, and an service to some of the other islands. ☐

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Be an Imaginative Easter Bunny. Pick up the family and enjoy sun, sea, and air, bright spots, the Caribbean. Italian Line's Italian Line runs from New York on March 20 for St. Thomas, Cleveland, San Diego, Monday May. All first class from \$800. Your ship The elegant *Benvenuto* sails from Port Everglades, Florida on March 20, from \$600. Tails to your travel agent or to Italian Line, 2500 West 12th Ave., Montreal 112, Quebec (514) 878-8905 or P.O. Box 114, Toronto Dominion Centre, Toronto 111, Ontario, (416) 366-1599.

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St. Andrew's is fortunate in having a strong, well-trained staff of twenty men, masters who have graduated from various different top universities in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. The median teaching experience is twelve years.

The school's educational philosophy stresses leadership training, character development and intellectual growth based upon individual student effort motivated by stimulating encouragement from masters. An increasing use is made of new audio-

visual aids to assist boys in achieving traditional aims by improved methods.

Examinations for entrance scholarship will be held March 20.

Applications should be received by March 1, 1970. For Prospectus apply to Mr. J. R. Coulter,

Headmaster, St. Andrew's College, Ancaster, Ontario.



You And Your Money

What Benson's tax-reform White Paper really means to you: a guide to things you should start doing now

MILLIONS OF CANADIANS have yet to be told about the tax reforms proposed in the federal White Paper. They will be necessary before, unfortunately, pleases, improvements, confusions, auto-renewals, and more. Most of them won't give the taxpayer much help in figuring out what the Paper would mean to him if it became law. But there are some things you should keep in mind.

The first, even if Canada is changing from a complicated tax system to a simpler one, the very process of change is confusing — and costly, if you make the wrong guess. This means every taxpayer should watch the debate and start making decisions now. As Toronto tax lawyer J. A. MacDonald says, "The law will pay the price for their babies in higher taxes."

The following things, among many, will be important in personal decision-making:

- The White Paper could make it costly to buy a new house every five years — a practice popular among the middle

class. It is possible, depending upon the market, that the potentially taxable capital gain on the old house would not be offset by the \$1,000-a-year exemption.

- Not all dividend-paying stocks would become more attractive in the same degree. Thus, people getting dividends will receive half-cents for certain income taxes paid by many Canadian companies, but some corporations don't pay full tax rates. The credit given dividend-receivers from these companies would be proportionately smaller.

- There would be no such tax credit for dividends received from foreign companies.

- Capital gains — profits in stocks, for example — would become taxable after a Valuation Day to be set without warning. That means the smart shareholder will want his investments to be fully paid on Valuation Day.

- Dividend income would become relatively more attractive than capital gains. The latter is to be taxed and the former

— if the dividends are from widely held Canadian companies — will get a bigger tax break. Now is the time to review investment portfolios.

- There would be added incentive to drive a very high salary in opposed to starting your own business. The Paper suggests a top income-tax rate of 50 percent, instead of the present basic 30.

- After Valuation Day, some taxable capital "gains" will not be taxed at all. Suppose you bought stocks for \$10,000 and they were worth \$3,000 on Valuation Day. If they went back to \$16,000, the \$3,000 increase would be taxable.

The moral: don't stay in an investment in which you have a loss, simply because you want to "get back" your money.

Very important: keep good records of costs — for instance, house improvements, which can provide tax relief.

Still more important: look for, read and keep newspapers and analyses of the probable personal and investment effects of the White Paper. □

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ESSAY CONTEST

'Why I'm Wildly Enthusiastic About Canada's Future'

When Maclean's announced a contest last October for the best essays on the subject of Canada's political future, we were embarking on something of a talent hunt. Did a mass, anglophone Addison lurk in the Canadiana woods? Was there a gem Dorothy Parker slaving over some suburban angst? Evidently not. Although we received more than 300 entries (in both languages), the judges were distressed to discover there was no single essay displaying the originality, wit and style that would merit the \$500 prize we offered. The best contenders were sober, well-wrought pieces, concentrating on the theme of succession and offering various solutions to the Quebec problem. Too many of these writers, however, merely thought of Canada in terms of what the United States isn't. Therefore, since we ourselves are optimistic about Canada's future (see Canada Report) we decided to divide the \$500 with three awards to writers who share our optimism and one for a contribution that was not optimistic but was strikingly original. Each of these winners receives \$125.

The Orchestra That Is Canada

I am not an wildly enthusiastic about the political future of Canada. This future is bound to be exciting because of the unique nature of the nation's future in the world. One of the keys to this excitement for me is Quebec. Quebec is facing us as to grow up in a hurry because Quebec is controversial. Contemporary or prehistoric is a complex history hidden through forced growth. This forced growth in the sense is reflected in plants in a lushness in comparison with the natural growth of plants outdoors. Our history is the story, fear and respect caused by the uncertainty of Quebec. The problem of whether Quebec stays or leaves eventually drives national attention from all levels of society and government. This future involves dynamic forces, not the least of which is the volatile nature of French-Canadian politics on both the provincial and federal levels.

But while Quebec appears to be looking over the horizon, Premier Jean-Jacques of British Columbia is anxious to annex the Yukon. The three Prairie provinces, living off the continuing threat to their economic future by longshoremen in Vancouver, are mutually frightened of expansion at Fort Churchill and of

all western ports in the Arctic. The first small Maritime provinces are openly talking of union in order to create a bigger economic bloc. In the midst of all this upheaval Quebec the arch-conspirator of it all, seems not to know when the world will be the only people in Canada who do know what they want are the Newfoundlanders, who have never had it so good. They want more of the same and in a moment, are going to bring in an Labrador. The anchor and adhesion factor in our political growth is conservative Ontario. Ontario, more than anxious to keep what she has, is willing to go on contributing for more federal issues than any other province in order to help this country stay together.

The Canada of the past can be likened to a second-rate orchestra, whose musicians (the 10 provinces) were inevitably led by a mediocre conductor (prime minister) unable to evoke a response. Now the tempo has quickened and the orchestra has come to life. All 10 musicians (provinces) are demanding attention and, if anything, are oversteering to the conductor (Prime Minister Trudeau). The Canada of the future by exposure through television, can be built on truth, justice and honesty, welded together by the minds and hearts of its collective body.

instead of the sugar-sweetness of false hope.

Trudeau is a tough, competent man who knows what he wants, means what he says and is unlikely to be swayed by unrealistic external demands on the public purse. Being a pragmatic realist, he most likely realizes that, as in any true marriage, it is more often than not the star moments of disharmony that provide the very necessities for survival. What we can really expect, once he gets going, is a polished performance by an accomplished virtuoso. We will indeed make music together before many years pass — HAROLD C. CHAPLIN, TORONTO, ONT.

Editorial, The Gazette, Montreal, Tuesday, May 24, 1977

It is worth noting that the first issue of the Gazette to be published in nearly seven months should be on a day upon which many of us in our almost forgotten past, demanded a holiday to celebrate the birthday of the Queen who was on the throne at the time of the greatest expansion of the British Empire. Added to this story is the fact that we are today welcoming to our city, in the name of freedom, the troops of the United States. Fourth test Jewish Diaspora. Welcome them and let us know that, although the end of our beloved Canada is near, only the cooperation and friendship of our neighbors to the south can rescue us from the terrorism and chaos of the past five years.

We are going to have to make a new start, probably very soon, as a state within the American Union, and at that time, it may be useful to review the events that have led up to this state of affairs. Nobody who voted for the Parti Québécois in the last election is going to vote to vote, and to vote, could have guessed that in three short years the Quebec republic would be an occupied territory. This election was rapidly followed by negotiations with Owen, which had there been any other government, but the minority NDP one that existed at that time might have held. This government, too concerned with Americanization of industry and its own ability to provide jobs or security, passed on July 14, 1975, the republic was born. Two months later, in September 1975, that month, intelligent man, leader of the Parti Québécois and President of the Republic, was dead.

The events that led up to today's occupation occurred with lightning speed during the fall of 1975 and last year. The takeover of the government in Quebec by the Mauricie-wind wing of the Parti Québécois, the flight of American and Canadian capital together with many French Canadians themselves, from Quebec, the defeat of the Owen government after the decision of the

Canada's Toughest Acrostic: No.1

BY DIANA FILER

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Change, divert	62 60 180 185 188 12
B. Stated/ed	120 30 85 27 8 82 47
C. Light weapons or players	38 141 111 110 120
D. Yacht, exclude the fancy	117 152 155 140 81 35 61 7
	80
E. A good one next spring would melt out hearts (and the author's, too)	15 1 122 88
F. Front part of leg	110 37 42 30
G. Federal preserve area in the Rockies (3 wds.)	85 40 58 102 105 11 55 114
	108 108 5 127 47 78 34
	75
H. Canadian painter, mostly watercolors (1882-1953)	109 72 42 120 121
I. American state	124 118 42 105
J. Year Trudeau was elected prime minister (3 wds. & comma)	3 126 181 31 85 82 122 51
	14 41 120 103 100 85 88
	100 77 33 3 103 140 148
	121 172 288 16 85 82

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Ring, in hen	12 22 30 75
L. Big hole in the ground, cherry stone	37 127 58
M. Collection of rules of a state or nation; legislative body	38 25 38
N. Continent	15 128 52 126
O. Birtal frame on the front of a locomotive	24 88 36 14 120 141 120 140
	84 122
P. Inland, partially	140 48 58 10
Q. Distinguish, alter	123 7 46 187 6 82 54 11
	12 11 124 105 89
R. Touch at one end or edge	17 10 47 31
S. City on south shore of St. Lawrence R. (3 wds.)	14 75 105 33 37 10 47 123
	81 82 140 118 88
T. Member of parliament from BC	128 128 31 21 78 84
U. Female's reproductive body	44 70 38
V. Main street, Ottawa	108 4 127 81 88 88



DIRECTIONS Read each DEFINITION (line 62) in the appropriate word in the crossword. Words — one letter for each letter in the word. Words with each letter in the word are indicated by the number in the word.

of the puzzle. Black squares in the crossword are not to be filled. The word in the word is the word in the word.

one. When you have completed the puzzle, the first letter of each word in the word is the word in the word.

the name of a well-known Canadian author and the name of the last letter of the word in the word. The word in the word is the word in the word.



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OLYMPIC

The Day Keith Davey's Press Probe Smelled Raw Power

BY PHILIP SYKES



Of papers and power: New Brunswick's K. C. Irving, left, with Senator Keith Davey at the media hearings in Ottawa.

REPORTING THE NEWS is a weird business and the way the newspapers of Canada have been reporting the hearings of Keith Davey's special Senate committee is a striking indicator of this weirdness. Davey's committee is examining who owns our newspapers, radio and television and how well they report the news. If you cared enough, you could by now have read hundreds of three-study-of-witch-of-concessions-of-did-by-day testimony in your newspaper. But — this is the weird part — all these words would have given you no more than a murky picture of the social conflicts exposed in the hearings. One especially important issue follows another, each rising approximately equal space. You, the consumer of news, receive little sense of an important Canadian happening. You get little incentive to care. This is a pity because the Davey hearings aren't just a concern of the "we" people of Canada's consciousness. Rather, what they are really about is power, and what any reporter who has followed the committee closely must now realize — although no one has said so very succinctly — is this: the swarms of media can be as much a force in Canadian lives as the politicians they attack and the employers who must their perchings.

The first week was a pain overseas. A subject Davey selected news corporations to headtable suits in the Senate's haphazardly-captivated Railway Committee

Room. Senators directed at two-week seminars in media-makeup, jugged probable questions. The executives gave their answers confidently, accepted their flak and left smiling. It was all very pleasant and dully but perhaps deceptively so. For there were generating, Charles McLean, Liberal senator from New Brunswick, was writing a careful prelude to the big act. He put the sweet hypothetical question in every witness. He would postulate a region where the news who owned the only newspapers also owned television and radio stations, woods, pulp-mills, railways, shipping and

business and was the biggest employer in the area. In that situation, he would then ask: could the newspapers do a good job of reporting? Newsweek begged the question. Such a situation they said was outside their experience. And clearly the question pointed at K. C. Irving, whose New Brunswick papers McLean had been doubly tracking for years.

The tone of the Davey hearings changed at 2:30 p.m. on Tuesday December 16. Kenneth Cook, Irving proprietor of the English-language press at New Brunswick and principal of one controlling shareholder in the economy of the province last heads Davey. McLean was notably subdued. The afternoon he would relinquish his personal questionnaire's role and would confine himself to dogged rebuttal. Spectators filled the room.

They looked at Irving — lean, serious-faced, agitated-looking at 70. He was about to make his first public statement about newspapers in 25 years of proprietorship. He opened with a level-headed attack on Premier Louis Robitaille (for trying to destroy Fredericton publisher Michael Wardell) and Robitaille's former assistant, Senator Charles McLean (for breaching the licence of Irving's TV station). McLean denied the charges.

Irving seemed good-humoredly when Alberta Senator Harper pressed the matter of nationalization. Why did Irving buy news papers? Radio stations? TV? It clearly wasn't to provide a personal platform since Irving had declared "editorial policy is something I don't know anything about." It wasn't to make money — stock-market conditions would yield more, faster. Well then, why bother? Irving withdrew meekly before the long granite mass of his face and one murmured that it was while writing about the sometimes inscrutable man that the late Ralph Allen quoted the notion of a cockroach crawling in view of the death of his closest friend. "Dropped dead, sir? I wonder what his motive could have been?"

Then Irving surfaced with

the suggestion that his motive might be something other than a New Brunswick record. He could understand that he had to build up their own resources. It might look queer to other parts of Canada that he drew no dividends from his media holdings, but it is the only way I know to get along and retain control over some part of one's activity. There are more things in heaven and New Brunswick, he implied, than are dreamed of in a senator's philosophy. Though the motive for ownership was never explained, it is possible to hold an interpretation from this in the mind. *Newspapers aren't my interest; but the development of New Brunswick is. Owing newspapers is a protective insurance for that development. A critical press is essential. Its existence could turn out badly, but that is an interpretation only and living a better witness, never continued.*

Questions about the quality of the New Brunswick press were handled in Ralph Casella, president since 1961 of Irving's newspaper company. He charged that the biggest impediment to control in the press was McDonald and the relentless drive of his Chinese wave—corrupt treatment. True, Casella's paper did not crusade against pollution of the St. John River, largely by Irving's mills, but the rest of New America had been equally short-sighted. Why "single out" Saint John? Yet, his critics may claim that his critics have achieved "a high degree of integrity and professionalism" under group ownership but that was a general statement. Would he give examples? No. One example? No.

But the professionalism of the journalist was not the heart of this matter. The aim at David's head table were the words: "The press is not a neutral observer and must participate—in an unselfishness towards those who control

votes and those who bought up shares, a vendetta about power, money, resources and wealth. And inconspicuously, it was Frederick's Ringmaster Wardell—apparently, quarrelsome and brash—who put it all in context. He did it by asking of him. He studied the days of popular and for the thousands of jobs living brought to his province. They used to shoot, fly, hip, hoory, those are Irving's legs." While Wardell told how political pressure had lost him printing and advertising revenues, the necessity of a deep downer rivalry was brought in the most, as not in the legs in the St. John River. The Senate was having a blood feud. When he described how federal combine can make his plant and home—"a gross, irresponsible reach" the hearing lost its context of attack and gross canals of abstract things. It was about Irving's legs, his desk and the economic power with which he matched the political master of McDonald and McRae.

A major contemporary fact had received a rare exposure. Modern media are not the traditional and independent Fourth Estate, but an industry that often serves as an essential complement to conglomerate or regional power. The power consists in a state of continuous and sometimes creative tension with a profession called journalism which is progressively dedicated to delivering us the news.

It is a perspective as hardly he saw the Senate commission, which has \$150,000 worth of studies into media ownership and operation, but it is a perspective that has not emerged from the coverage. And it might help you make sense of it all. The Davy inquiry is about more than the news. It is about power in the vastness of the province of Canada. It is about jobs. And all these aspects of one very word become 11.

How to fight city hall in the 1970s: write your beef as a book

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Almost two issues of the 1960s was the *People's Power* series. The pressure of organized popular protest on government policies once held to be sacrosanct. It was at least one of the factors in, for instance, the softening of American policy on the Vietnam war. Big government is no longer immune to public opinion. But what about the target of local governments, those ineffectual, those ineffectual of city councils? Can they control all too frequently? Well, a remarkable book just published in Toronto suggests that *People's Power* may be able to track open the municipal business as well.

The 80-page book was written by David and Nadine Nowlan, a husband-and-wife team it is worth the \$1.95 paperback was on the bookstands three weeks later, thanks to the modern facilities (computer) spreading and offset printing) of new progressive publishing firms, *new press* (see *Canada Report*, page 22) and *The House of Anansi*. The tentative publication title was *The Spoken Expression: Toronto's Treasure House*. But the book's subtitle could well be "How to Fight City Hall in the 1970s."

The book's subject, the 3200-million *Spoken Expression*, is a controversy that is driving Metro Toronto literally to its wits. The controversy is a controversy that is driving Metro Toronto literally to its wits. The controversy is a controversy that is driving Metro Toronto literally to its wits.

ing the city's inner core with the northern democracy suburbs was hardly questioned. Today, however, with the project nearly completed, it has become a major example of suburbanization policy and one of the most bitter civic issues in Toronto's long and not-so-tame history. Whereas it once seemed that the expressway was virtually a fait accompli, there is now at least a 50-50 chance that it will be stopped or its tracks.

The main opposition is coming from organized groups of modern radicals. They argue that the expressway, scheduled to terminate in their path, will present severe problems that it was designed to solve. Ironically, they say, it will create hard-core traffic snarls at the end points, add to pollution and destroy residential neighborhoods. They also question, in the light of modern knowledge, whether non-city expressways in general are a good idea. Their logical alternative, an improved rapid-transit system.

We got interested after attending a meeting on the expressway," says David. "We came away angry. How dare somebody destroy my neighborhood without asking me? Then we decided that private anger was futile. It had to be translated into public protest."

So the Nowlans, book 11, set down to research the complex history of the expressway from as far as its roots were useful. They spent hours going over newspaper reports and old newspaper

What kind of people invented bagpipes, golf, Fair Isle sweaters, whisky, and the Loch Ness Monster?



Age hard people

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stomach of sexual debauchery. The result is a devastating account of a preposterous celebration without adequate planning and lacking both foresight and imagination. The conclusion is that at no point have Toronto's elected representatives been given enough pertinent information to make a proper decision on this \$200 million issue.

The reason for the book's impact — the publishers expect it to sell 10,000 copies — is the authority of its scholarship. The Newlands are not laymen posturing by means of a grandiose platform of puerile dogma. David has a PhD in economics and is an associate professor at the University of Toronto. He also has a BA in philosophy earned as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and originally graduated from Queen's as an engineer. His wife has a Master's degree in social work. Roy David.

"The purpose of the book is to provide fuel for the sexual polemic, to give these same expert scholars some fuel that hasn't come from inside city hall. The politicians have to feel the teeth in front of their over-inflated egos. We'll give them something from the people that they can fight back with, would anyone who the Spectator Encyclopedia should not be built on?"

Whether or not the Newlands and their allies eventually win the battle, the message is clear: city hall, in Toronto or anywhere else, has a new kind of punishment to contend with. Pamphlets and petitions are old hat. People Power now: new-day entries in the form of fully documented academic textbooks and it can't be easily dismissed. □

QUOTE

Exclusion is a consequence of any specialisation.

— A Dominican Father who'd inspired the Toronto 1978

They don't make good clean dirty movies like they used to

A SURVEY
BY BOB BLACKBURN

When sexual obscenity suddenly went slack in the latter half of the 1960s, Hollywood was caught with its pants up. Today, virtually no holds are barred, but the mainstream response to the new freedom has been confused and erratic. The way is open for the development of a genre of self-censored, respectable, middle-class pornography, but it has not emerged. In the U.S. chiefly, and to a lesser degree here, there are the so-called "implication" movies that push simulated exploitation, pretence and winks to the new legal limits, with no pretense to quality. There are such hard-core films as *Yves*, a partially deleted chronicle of a symphonist, or *All The Love Makers*, which deals with suburban male coupling — not always heterosexual, either.

But the ones I'm interested in play in theaters you can walk into in the afternoon without feeling you have to turn up your collar and pull down your trousers. In the lead I mean, *David Huxton*, who married actress Diane Drey in *How To Succeed In Love* (and ran 10 years ago, could now catch her and publicly and her desire of professional virgidity while we all watched and whined with relief. The point is that a logical successor to their film is possible — a type that would start where they always left off and end not the chase but the consummation.

The *David-Huxton* films, true though they seem to be, were as dirty as they dared be under the old rules,

FILM

and despite the inevitable frustration there were good times on the way to oblivion. The 1969 version of this team was *John And Mary* which opened with Dennis Hoffman and Max Farrow in a much coupling. So far so good, but after that the film went downhill as pornography. The couples stayed fully dressed and mostly veiled. The last, however, it was one of the few current films that made simple sex seem a hard-core pleasure.

Pornography came too late. Once we had happy, healthy movies — *Tarzan*, to name, but enough materialism, in which you could safely identify with the hero or heroine and be sure of losing none of the good things that have gone before — a lot better if these movies had been allowed to be more explicit, instead of making to the men sloshing the windpipes at the waves pouring on the rocks. But by the time overt sex became permissible movies had stopped lying about our health and started trying to tell the truth about our miseries.

So when sex came to the cinema in the Sixties it came after there was not sex, sex, and if there was gratuitous for the viewer it was as voyeur, not participant. The rule was: identify all your own dirt, because, despite all the new permissiveness, the industry was still suffering a hangover from the old rules, which defined pornography for every one. Sex, it seemed, was fit for film, but not for people. Then, when the at-
tention shifted at the begin-

ning of *Therese And Isabelle* remounted about her school days, it's not a first time after with the boy more than the family members at the beginning of a fraternal sex life, it's a lesbian encounter that ended in heartbreak.

The natural and catalogical novel *Candy*, a 20th-century version of Voltaire's *Candide*, was the first really dirty Hollywood film. It was a poor one and, furthermore, indifferent pornography, because sex scenes can be funny but not fun. A sweet child like Eva Adams mixing indelicately with a *Queen* made in a vandalized house at her father in the name of a temple is not, surely, the girl for you and me.

There was an unprecedented amount of monetary savings and apple-pie-baking in *The Kidney Of John Grover*, but who would have wanted to identify with Carol Browne the aggressive lesbian professional who was having all the fun in *Gas* (renowned *Arden River Ferry* *Movie* *Europe And Find Your Happiness*)? Anthony Newley enjoyed many couplings with beautiful and undisciplined young ladies, but the answer to the late question was, No. And his disappointment must have been shared by many of his audience, despite the bonus of an unimpaired view of superstar Newley's bare rump.

Candy 2000, perhaps the best of the show-business rump, was a sort of anniversary. *La Dolce Vita*



Therese and Isabelle

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TELEVISION (continued)

Buffalo There are five other UHF channels available in Toronto that could not possibly interfere with respect of the popular NET programs.

Business has never made it clear that it could be 10 years before national ads imposed on existing CATV operations. In that case the whole pattern of broadcasting could change. One suggestion being considered is that expanded cable networks could take over the transmission side of the CBC's operations, leaving the corporation free to concentrate on production. Meanwhile, the CRTC is prepared to look at other ways of ensuring at least some of the most popular U.S. shows to offshore viewers.

But the fact remains that the protectionist policy is honestly unworkable. TV programs, unlike cars or guns, are not subject to the laws of international economics. We either have this trade or we have, in effect, discriminatory sensitivity. If Canadian TV production can't compete on the open market, then surely it's the products that have to be improved and not the conditions of the market.

"I suspect that in its heart of hearts the CRTC knows this. A paper that promises a university of education in order to give an offshore industry teaching space can't last for long. Very soon the commission must start entering its candidate in the only area that counts. It must compel the network industry to produce better programs, programs that will make the majority of U.S. shows look as shoddy as they really are."

There are signs the CBC is finally getting the message. The corporation has not only bought *The Foreigner Sage* (but a genre true dot line in the spring), but without promoting has also picked up another CBC production, *Clivhouse*. This 12-part documentary, hosted by Sir Kenneth Clark, is a witty

RECORDS

Rolling Stones: Let It Bleed (London). The Stones, especially Mick Jagger, include all the qualities we've always loved them for—they're raucous, hot, vulgar, sexual, heavy and, in the end, as irresistibly sexy as the Beatles are permanently asexual.

Art Maillard: Glass Onion (Allured Images). A recording of classic rock tunes that's entirely instrumental without a single word, and still sounds exciting and involving. Art Maillard is an old-fashioned big-band arranger with a fine contemporary touch and he shows in this record that he knows how to write for all the instruments from strings to funky guitars.

The Groupies (North). Groupies are girls who lend their bodies to rock-n-roll stars. In this outstanding documentary record a juggle of American groupies explains why.

Area Code 615 (Polydor). This is what happens when all the best singers who hang out in Nashville and back people like Bob Dylan get together on their own. What happens? They (all) record with class, joyous, beautifully picked country western-rock music. □

— Jack Berke

and enlightening survey of the history of Western jazz. It is also brilliant television. Now if the CBC would also carry *Strange Street*, NET's superb preschool program, I would take back everything I said about the network's purchasing department.

That good programming is only half the problem. Why aren't these made-in-Canada productions of the calibre of *The Foreigner Sage*? Why not, for instance, a serial production of the *Jolson* book? When did stars happen, we'll know that the CRTC is back on the right track. □

CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 42

*For I shap'd into the future, for as human eye could see
Taw the Vision of the world, and all
The wonder that would be
Mead the harvest full with showing
And there was'd a phony dew
From the narrow way noses grappling
in the central blue
Till the sun dawn shouled us longer
and the little flag were fatter
In the Perimeter of Man, the Federation
of the world.*

Not a bad prediction of World War II and, although a trifle optimistic, of the United Nations—considering that Tennyson's *Lordship Hall* poem was written in 1842. Can 2000-century poems be any better? The usual prizes are offered for 100-line poems in the *Lordship Hall* meter forecasting what Canada will be 100-100 years from now. Address entries to Contest No. 40, *Stravinsky*, 480 University Avenue, Toronto 101 Deadline: Feb. 20.

RESULTS OF
CONTEST NO. 38

Readers were asked to anticipate certain well-known proper names so that the real poem described or commented on the original. Although many contestants misinterpreted the nature of the poems (all the letters of the original must be maintained) there was a large crop of excellent entries and, as might be expected, dozens of typographical W. A. C. Bennett were repeatedly typed in. We liked "We loved B.C." or "B.C. went west." Robert Headland's reference, almost as often with "Shed some hot" five dollars is awarded to each of these entries:

Charmie Campbell

□ Chp to ml, CBC? Neat!
(Mrs. E. Baragor Thunder Bay Ont.)

Robert Headland

□ Balled for me (Aunt Mary Mother Deep River Ont.)
□ Bitten back had (Mrs. Gaudin Taz Gaudin BC)
□ Bld jms Duff red (Mrs. M. Tarnhill Sarnia Ont.)
□ At Rottin, loved James (Mrs. Don Mally Ont.)

Dixie-Allyson-Elizabeth-ethers

□ Back, back! person called from (P. Gordon Leavitt Ed. member NB)

□ Classic, back! (Mrs. E. C. Brockle Weston Ont.)

The Stranded Festival

□ Act, tip the vase (uffed) (Gordon Weston Victoria)
□ For the debt, real size (C. D. Rose Leiston Michigan)
□ Fresh spirit heard (Mrs. M. M. Gaudin, Ont.)

Pave Elbow Trailers

□ Leap to a, studies red (Mrs. M. M. Gaudin, Ontario)

Headline Blinks

□ Or, click, advice (Mrs. Scott, Don Mally Ont.)
□ Hot, casual rule (C. D. Gaudin, Leiston Ont.)

Headline, News South

□ Oh, a true central (Mrs. D. M. Gaudin, Leiston Ont.)

DINCS Reactions

□ Next night no job (Gordon Adams Weston Ont.)
□ BCN sub, some hives (Mrs. M. E. Tarnhill, Sarnia Ont.)

Harold Corfield

□ Land, Can Hal red? (Doris Anne Mally, Ont.)
□ Hal, red, red (Mrs. M. M. Gaudin, Leiston Ont.)

Audrey Berke

□ U.S. talk in eye (Roberta Leith, Ontario)

W. A. C. Bennett

□ NWY, some BC (Mrs. F. Kelly, Ontario)





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